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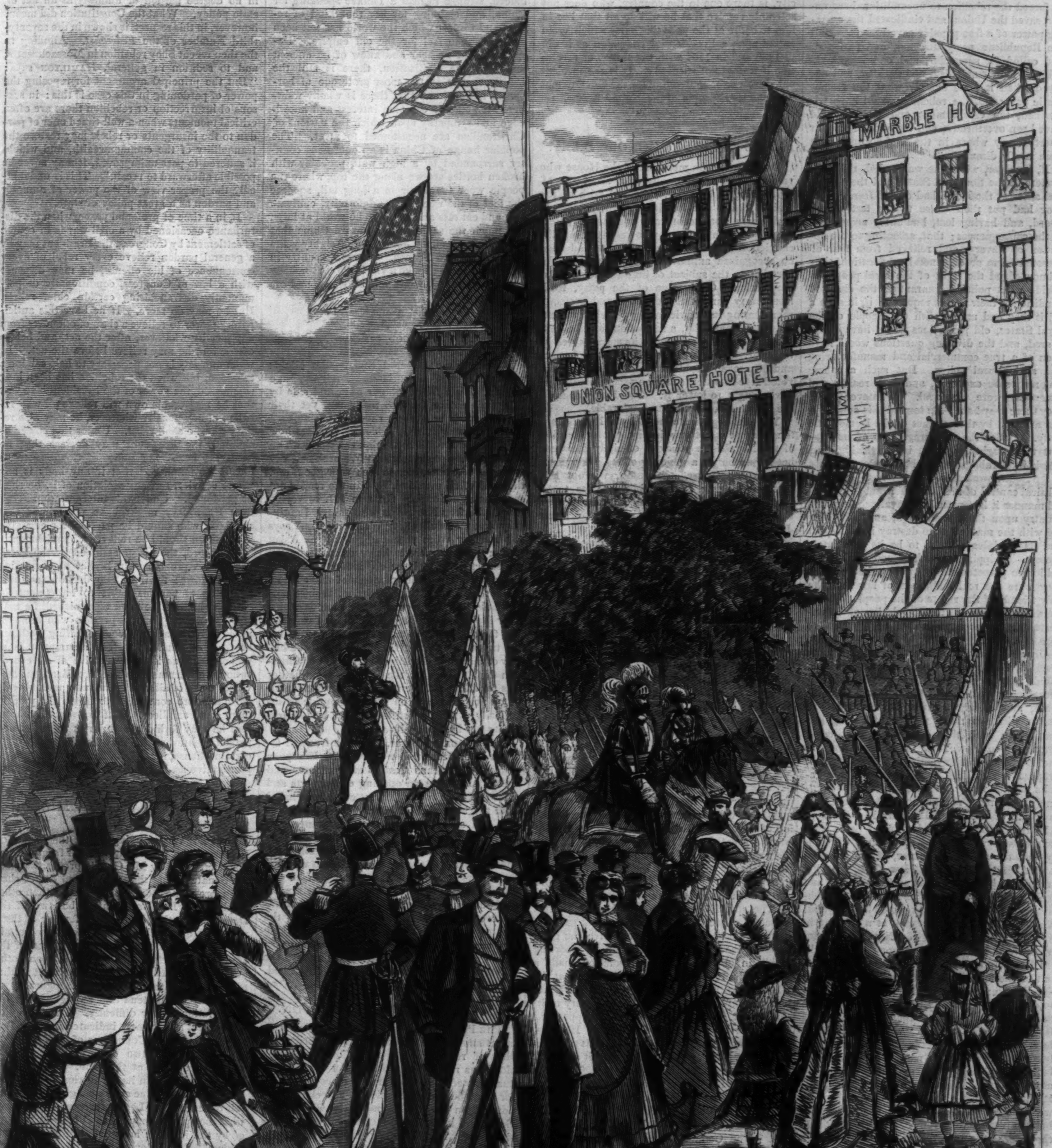


THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH UNION SQUARE.—[See Page 453.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 18, 1868.

THE LINES DRAWN.

The city of New York presented an extraordinary spectacle during the week that ended with the 4th of July. It was full of the late rebels and their friends, engaged in devising some method by which to persuade the country to renounce the victory it won in the war, and to intrust the Government to those who have done their utmost to destroy it. The Convention at Tammany Hall represented every disloyal individual and class in the country. Its object was to wrest the Government from the hands of those whose patriotic fidelity has been proved in every way—from the party which as a party accepted the challenge of war thrown down by those represented in the Convention—from the party whose unfaltering faith and energy forced the rebellion to unconditional surrender, saved the Union, and vindicated the amazing power of a free popular government. Had the Republican party doubted, and parleyed, and called for surrender, and encouraged rebellion; had it quibbled, and derided, and delayed; had it done exactly what the Democratic party did, the rebellion would have triumphed, the Government and Union would have been overthrown, and the hope of popular liberty every where in the world would have been fatally dimmed.

If, however, when the war ended, the rebel leaders in the Southern States and their political allies at the North had owned frankly that they had put their cause to the test of the sword, and having lost, honorably acquiesced in the consequences; that, assenting to the abolition of slavery, and relieved from fear of personal harm or of general confiscation, they acknowledged the right of the loyal people to decide what political guarantees the changed condition of their States required; if, in such a spirit they had united with the people of the loyal States, old party lines would have disappeared, and the dividing questions would have been of a true commercial and manufacturing and agricultural policy. But such a course was not to be expected, and such reason and generosity were too ideal. Whatever tendency there may have been toward this condition was arrested by the conduct of the Democratic party. Under the encouragement of its support the haughty, defiant, impracticable, and utterly intolerable spirit of the old slave leaders at the South awakened, and aimed to seize the political control of the late rebel States. In its old manner it harangued the loyal people of the country upon the Constitution, and still panting with the mad effort to destroy it, this spirit and its disciples claimed to be its true interpreters. Dripping with the blood shed in rebellion to perpetuate slavery they shouted that they were the real defenders of law and the only friends of the rights of the people. They were the Hessians of the Revolution of '76 undertaking to teach patriotism to the Yankee sons of liberty.

Growing every month and every day more insolent, these men—whom mere craft, at least, should have taught to remain concealed—boldly threatening endless resistance to the Government, and bloody anarchy in the Southern States, with a standing menace of war against the Union until they have their way, come thronging to New York to dictate terms to the Democratic Convention. They did not propose nor profess acquiescence in the results of the war. At home John Forsyth, one of the most malignant of the rebels, and now one of the chief Democratic leaders in Alabama, spoke of the late rebel State governments as "overturned by revolution, tyranny, and the sword." Rhett, of the Charleston *Mercury*, wrote from New York, glorying in the rebel military lines as "*our* lines," and declaring that "Southern men" would not submit to the reconstruction proposed by Congress. A rebel Colonel from Georgia, at a meeting in New York, shouted that if "Northern Democrats will take care of the bayonet, the Southern Democrats would be responsible for the result of the ballot in November," meaning that the Ku-Klux Klan would take care of loyal voters. Mr. Langdon, a Southern delegate to the Convention, wrote that the "iniquitous legislation" of Congress "will be wiped out forever." Rebel officers—one of them the hero of the Fort Pillow massacre—were members of the Convention, and others attended as counselors. The presence of these rebels might have been a noble spectacle in the case we have supposed; but as a fact they were here to recover what they had lost in the field; they were here to serve "the lost cause" with exactly the same patriotic fidelity that sent them to Bull Run, and doomed Union soldiers to Andersonville and Salisbury.

Does any body suppose that the late rebels have changed their views of the nature of this Government? Does any thing tend to show it? If Governor Brown, of Georgia, or General Longstreet, or any conspicuous rebel, honorably confesses his honest acquiescence in the great result, he is denounced and ridiculed not alone by the leading "Democrats" or ex-rebels of the Southern States but by the Northern leaders also. The only class of the population in those States which the Northern leaders especially favor and praise is that of the unyielding, "consistent" rebels. If, on the other hand, any one of the late rebels accepts the situation in good faith and heartily seeks to aid in the speediest and most satisfactory settlement of our difficulties, then, like Governor Brown, he acts openly with the Republican party. Are such facts of no significance? Do they not help to show in what direction and with which party lies peace? Was there an honest, loyal man who had given his sympathy, his prayers, his money, his blood, his friends, his children, to maintain this Union and its Government against the rebellion, whose heart did not beat more quickly last week as he reflected upon the assembly of the enemies of the Union and those who aided their rebellion, to obtain possession of its Government and to gratify their hatred of loyal men? Was there one such man in the city, is there one in the country, who does not solemnly resolve that he will do all that lies in him to baffle at the polls this party which again enters upon a Presidential campaign as it did in 1860 and in 1864 with the threat of revolution if it does not succeed? It is the insolent old slave power contending for the Government with the loyal people of the United States.

IS THE NATIONAL HONOR "BOSH?"

The Republican members of the House who voted in favor of the resolution of Mr. Cobb, of Wisconsin, to break the plighted faith of the United States are infinitely more recreant to their party, both technically and morally, than the Republican Senators who voted against the conviction of the President. There had been no recognized authoritative expression of the party upon the subject of impeachment. But the National Convention of the party, fresh from every part of the country, and perfectly representing its convictions, adopted, with enthusiastic unanimity, a resolution that the debt should be paid according to its spirit as well as its letter. This is the test of national honor; and fifty-seven Republicans—for Mr. Bingham voted Aye in order to move a reconsideration—have sought to lower it. Could they succeed the consequences would be deplorable.

Yet, although introduced by a Republican, the measure is not only in direct contravention of the Republican policy as officially declared, but it had barely a majority of the Republican vote in the House—the result, without Mr. Bingham, being 57 Republican Yeas to 55 Nays; while the entire Democratic body upon the floor, excepting Mr. Sitgreaves of New Jersey and Fernando Wood, voted Aye. This is an illustration of the state of the case. Some Republicans, like General Butler, are undoubtedly in favor of repudiation; but the party stigmatizes it as dishonor. Some Democrats are in favor of the Chicago Republican principle; but the party, as a party, favors repudiation.

The consequences, we say, would be deplorable. They are so evident that the most superficial observer can see them. If, in contradiction of the law issuing them, and in destruction of good faith, the bonds may be taxed at all, they may be taxed at any rate. The Government assumes the right to make them worthless. The *Herald* says, without circumlocution, "All the talk about the faith of the Government to the bond-holders is bosh." That is the only argument for repudiation. But that faith is no more "bosh" in one direction than in another. If the Government may steal a part of its debt to one creditor it may steal from all of them; and if it may steal a little, it may steal a great deal. If its faith is "bosh" the best way is not to break it a little, and reduce the debt by taxing the interest of the bonds ten per cent., but to break it altogether and extinguish the debt by repudiating it.

The stupidity as well as the knavery of this proceeding are so plain that it can not pass the Senate, unless we wholly misconceive the good sense of that body. Mr. Hooper, in reporting a bill in obedience to the resolution, made a brief and forcible statement of the fact that the Committee of Ways and Means acted only under peremptory instructions and contrary to its judgment, and that its members will oppose the bill reported with all their power. He says, truly, that the bill provides simply that the Government shall pay less interest than it agreed to pay, and that there is no precedent for such a law in the legislation of any civilized country. It destroys our national credit, and forbids us ever again to hope for foreign financial relief, however cruel and mortal the emergency may be. The Committee might well have added that the most fiercely unreconstructed rebel could not hope for a more damaging attack upon the Government than the passage of such a law would be.

It would be a fatal blow at that general confidence which is the fundamental condition of the restoration of the national prosperity. If the Government breaks its word nothing is sure. If its faith be really "bosh" so are every principle and every interest in the country. And, certainly, the Democratic vote in the House, with the conceded strength of the repudiators in that party, shows conclusively that, should it regain ascendency, it would not hesitate to better the instructions of Mr. Cobb, leaving the country to discover in universal panic and suffering that, when the national faith is jocosely regarded as "bosh," the welfare of the individual citizen is "all in your eye."

THE CELESTIAL EMBASSY.

His Celestial Excellency, Mr. Burlingame, is having, as is most proper, a truly flowery reception. With his high-born and illustrious co-dignitaries the Celestial Embassador entered the continent by "the granite portals of the Golden State," and they are receiving every where a welcome of good feeling as well as of wonder. It is, as our picture in this issue shows, the youngest nation introducing the oldest to the friendship of Christendom. It is, indeed, strange to hear a Yankee speaking for China, and claiming for her that kind of regard and respect which the world has not been accustomed to feel for the old empire. Despite all that we hear and know of its ancient and elaborate civilization, there is still the feeling that it is the most grotesque of barbarous nations, and that there is wholly wanting that plane of common interest and knowledge and sympathy upon which the nations of Christendom are accustomed to meet. The popular image of China is an enormous country surrounded by a high wall, probably with broken bottles strewn along the top, where the people wear their hair in a long tail, squeeze the feet of the women into deformity, cultivate tea, and eat rats and dogs. The world at large has much the same feeling toward China that the genuine cockney John Bull of eighty years ago had toward France. It was a country in which the people spoke a vile lingo that nobody could understand, wore wooden shoes, and ate frogs.

> "They call their mothers mares,
> And all their daughters fillies,"

says the humorous Hood, caricaturing the popular feeling.

And now the Celestial Embassador alights upon our shores—no outlandish foreigner, but a familiar public friend of our own, and side by side with native Chinese noblemen, yet their official chief, he quietly says to this amazed Brother Jonathan, who evidently wonders how his Celestial Excellency scaled the wall with no further damage to his attire, "We seek not only the good of China, but we seek your good, and the good of all mankind." Can the reader not see Gilray's doughty George III. surveying the Gallic frog Napoleon with mingled antipathy and incredulity? "We invite you," says this familiar voice proceeding from the Asian mystery, "to a more intimate examination of the structure of Chinese civilization; to a better appreciation of the manners of that people, their temperance, their patience, their habits of scholarship, their competitive examinations, their high culture of tea and silk, and we shall ask for them from you modern science, which has taken its great development within the history of man, and the holy doctrine of our Christian faith. It is for the West to say whether it is for a fair and open policy, or for one founded on prejudice and on that assumption of superiority which is justified neither by physical ability nor by moral elevation."

This means, of course, the same free and familiar intercourse that we have with European nations. It means treaties of commerce and amity. It means an opening of the ports and cities and interior of this great empire, secluded from the beginning of history, to the exploration and study of curiosity and science. It means the unconditional admission into China of all the influences, moral, social, intellectual, and industrial, of the outer civilization which it has always suspected and avoided. If his Celestial Excellency does not too warmly state the truth, his embassy is one of the most remarkable events in history; and we await with the greatest interest the practical propositions which he is authorized to make, by which this extraordinary change in the relations of China and the Western World is to be begun and accomplished.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARDON.

The President's Fourth of July proclamation is but another illustration of his hostility to the plan of reconstruction that Congress, which alone has rightful authority upon the subject, has adopted. It was further, of course, a bid for the tender consideration of his claims to a nomination by the Democratic Convention. But it will have no appreciable effect upon the situation. The President can not repeal the laws by a proclamation. All but three of the rebel States are now restored to the Union upon conditions prescribed by Congress. Their Constitutions declare who are voters, and, unless the President can annul the clauses of a State Constitution, nobody can vote in the States recently restored except those who are constitutionally authorized. If, indeed, according to the late manifesto of that eminent Democratic statesman General Frank Blair, there is no Government in the country but the Executive will, the President of the United States, like Lopez in Paraguay, may do just what he chooses. If, however, there be a Constitution, and laws, and a legislature, and a court, the Executive will is *not* the Government. And that happens to be the case.

There is, however, one very important question suggested by the proclamation. It is, whether the President has, under the circumstances, constitutional authority to issue it. The Constitution says that "he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment." Luther Martin in the Convention proposed to add the words "after conviction" after the words "reprieves and pardons," but Mr. Wilson objected that pardon before conviction might be necessary in order to obtain the testimony of accomplices, as in cases of forgery, and Mr. Martin withdrew his amendment. It is evident that the Convention had in view the pardon of individual criminals, and in no degree pardon or amnesty as an act of state policy. What the Constitution did mean, however, in this respect, is shown in the seventy-third Number of the *Federalist*. Alluding to the then recent Shay rebellion in Massachusetts, and to sedition in general, Hamilton says: "But the principal argument for reposing the power of pardoning in this case is this: in seasons of insurrection or rebellion there are often critical moments when a well-timed offer of pardon to the insurgents or rebels may restore the tranquillity of the commonwealth, and which, if suffered to pass unimproved, it may never be possible afterward to recall." This is undoubtedly the proper view of the power of amnesty and pardon as a great policy of state.

If, in a time of profound peace, when the disturbance occasioned by a civil war is in course of settlement by Congress, the President may by a general pardon relieve every rebel of every consequence of his offense, he may dispense with a law of Congress, conditionally or permanently disfranchising certain chief rebels. But he may do more. If he have this anticipatory power to relieve a class of offenders from any penalty whatever, after the act, and before conviction, he may relieve before the act. If, when amnesty is not necessary to help subdue a rebellion, but when the rebellion has been long suppressed, the power of the President is so vast that he may of his own will relieve all who rebelled of any penalty whatever, he may also relieve all who shall rebel. Under this power, as claimed, the President may declare that he holds the restoration policy of Congress to be unconstitutional, and that if any body is any where convicted of any violation of it, he shall be pardoned. Under this interpretation President Buchanan might have proclaimed that any body who should be pursued for engaging in rebellion should be relieved of punishment.

In a word, the power assumed by the President in his proclamation is that of dispensing with the laws: for if he may declare that half a million of persons liable to indictment for treason shall not be tried or punished, he may equally declare that all persons who are now liable to indictment for counterfeiting shall not be tried or punished. The assumption is as preposterous as it is destructive of all constitutional government. The President, in individual cases of alleged crime, may undoubtedly pardon before conviction, to insure the punishment of accomplices. But to assert that therefore he may forbid grand juries to indict any person whatever who may be charged with a certain offense, is to claim for him as absolute a prerogative as James II. asserted.

SHORT CUTS TO THE MILLENNIUM.

It is not very edifying to see the House of Representatives resolving to steal from the national creditors by Mr. Cobb's proposition, and the Senate voting that the United States shall pay more money for the same work than other employers. It is true that all but two of the Democrats in the House voted for one of these measures, and all but one of the Democrats in the Senate for the other. The position of the Democratic party is plain enough upon both, but the Republican party should consent neither to fraud nor to the tricks of demagogues.

Nobody will pretend that an eight hours bill is a solution of any difficulty. The fallacy of the project was clearly indicated in the admirable report of the Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature two or three years ago, to which we alluded at the time. No such rule can be made just in its application, nor can any law make a less value equal to a greater. When it is once seen that Legislatures may make a day what they please, employers will pay by the hour or by the job. If labor is left free the law is useless. If the Government undertakes to regulate prices industry is paralyzed.

As Senator Sherman truly said, the title of the bill should be changed to a bill to increase the compensation of Government employés twenty per cent. If the Government has money to spare it may do, within moral limits, what it will with its own. But it must be very sure that the limits are moral. Now the money of the Government is the money of all the citizens raised by taxation for special purposes. The official agents of the people are honorably, morally bound to spend that money in the most economical manner. They have no right to waste it. They have no right to say, "Here is a job that we could have done for a million of dollars, that other people do secure at that price, but we will pay two millions." When they do that, they tax all the people to pay more than the fair market-price to a very few of them. It is something which the people may do if they choose, but for which their assent can never be assumed, and it is very doubtful whether the people ought to choose to do it.

All this is wholly independent of the questions whether eight hours daily labor is not enough for any man, and whether society would not be happier if that limit were never exceeded. The industrial reform is really moral, not merely legislative. There is no short cut to relief from the burden of labor. It will come only by the growth and development of the co-operative principle, which is really based upon human sympathy and fraternity instead of individual competition and hostility. All the virtues are tributary to this relief. Temperance, patience, prudence, intelligence, are some of the names of the various force that will finally truly humanize civilization. But no arbitrary law passed by politicians to please ignorance can take the place of any one of such influences in producing the result, or bring society a step nearer to the real reform.

THE SOUTHERN ELECTORAL VOTE.

The resolution of Senator Edmunds in regard to the counting of the electoral vote requires very careful consideration. It provides that no such vote shall be counted from a State which, at the time of the election, shall not have adopted a constitution and have an organized government in operation under which the election shall be held.

The difficulty is, that it leaves to Congress to decide after the election whether certain votes which may determine the election shall be counted. It thus gives occasion for the most formidable disturbance. The party whose candidate was counted out would hardly fail to protest, and possibly refuse to submit. The State of Arkansas, for instance, is reorganized; her government is in operation; her Senators and Representatives are admitted to Congress; the State government will be maintained by the whole power of the Government. Upon what ground should it be left to the discretion of Congress to count the electoral vote of Arkansas more than of Vermont? Exclude, if you will, the vote of such States as shall not have been restored; but as there are but three, let them be specified and in advance.

These things were all forcibly said by Senator Trumbull in discussing the resolution. They seem to us conclusive. If a Presidential election is held in any of the lately restored States, it must, of course, be under the authority of the existing State government, which will transmit the sealed list to Congress. Even the New York *World* sees this. "The form of choosing Presidential electors," it says, "will certainly be gone through with under the superintendence of the bastard State governments, and the result of no other voting will be recognized. Southern Democrats might as well get their tickets printed and then use them to light their tobacco-pipes as to deposit them any where else than in the Radical boxes."

The Presidential election will be conducted in Arkansas exactly as in Maine; and the votes will be certified and returned and counted in precisely the same manner. If Arkansas, now fully restored, is to vote only at the pleasure of Congress, let Maine be placed under the same discretion. If coercion of any voters is more to be apprehended in the former than in the latter State, the State government will take the necessary steps for keeping order, even to requesting the presence of National assistance. We hope, therefore, that the joint resolution will not be passed in haste; for it may very easily involve an extremely grave blunder.

DEATH OF CARDINAL ANDREA.

The Church of Rome is held up to the world by its advocates as a model of unity. But it is the unity of despotism, not that of Christian fraternity. Its persecutions directed against the wanderers from its fold are not less remarkable than its violence toward some of its own members. Neither the distinction of rank nor the rarest qualities of mind and heart are a shield against its thunder-bolts. Liberality, either in politics or religion, is sufficient to secure its implacable hostility.

We have recent tidings of the decease of Cardinal Andrea—one of the six Cardinal Bishops of Rome—whom the Pope and the Jesuits have literally hunted to death, simply because he was a dangerous enemy to the temporal power. It is asserted that the Pope predicted his death the day before it occurred, and it is the current *on dit* of the Italian newspapers that the Cardinal was poisoned by the Jesuits. This may not be true, but Andrea's own opinion of the character of his enemies was pretty frankly expressed two years ago to a friend at Naples, obnoxious like himself to the Papal Government, and who contemplated visiting Rome. "Beware," said the Cardinal; "you are ill-noted there, and will not be safe. If I went there myself I should take the most minute precautions. *They are capable of much you may not dream of.*" But whether poisoned or not, the Cardinal was judicially murdered.

Upon the Pope's return to Rome from his flight to Gaeta (in 1848) he rewarded Andrea for his past fidelity by making him a Cardinal and Prefect of the Congregation of the Index. Here began the difficulty between the Cardinal and the Jesuits. The latter were bent upon censuring a certain book, and the former refused to adopt their views, which he deemed to be illiberal, and, the Pope siding with the Jesuits, he resigned his post as Prefect. The vengeance of his enemies slumbered. The influence of his policy was feared in the next conclave for the election of Pope. Hence this recent persecution, terminating in his death. His physician years ago forbade him, as he valued his life, to remain in Rome on account of the unhealthy climate. Pope Pius IX., however, pertinaciously refused leave of absence. In 1864 Andrea left Rome for Naples without leave, and was consequently, in the teeth of all canon law, deprived of his dignity and privileges as a Cardinal, unless within three months he returned to Rome. He went to Rome, and little more than four months afterward (May 14) he died. He visited the Pope the day before his death, and was refused the restoration of his bishopric, which had been explicitly promised. That night he wrote a letter denouncing the whole policy and system of the Roman Court, and dispatched it to the Vatican in the morning. In the afternoon of the 14th, after a short drive, he died so suddenly that his chaplain had hardly time to administer the last rites of the Church. His murderers attended his sepulture, but the church was not hung in black, and the Cardinal's escutcheon was not, according to the usual custom, placed over the door. His enemies could not refrain from a petty exhibition of triumph at his obsequies.

Cardinal Andrea and King Victor Emanuel were in accord as to their views of the temporal power, and the death of the former is a great blow to the Party of Progress in Italy.

THE SAVIOURS OF THE REPUBLIC.

The chief Democratic paper of the city of New York, on the morning of the Fourth of July, published a biographical list of the delegates to the Democratic Convention. It headed the article in large letters: "*The Men upon whom the Republic relies for Salvation.*" "*Their Record of Service to the Nation.*" "*How the Republic's Friends will Celebrate the Republic's Natal Day.*"

Naturally curious to see who were the patriots upon whom the safety of the republic rests we began the list. Alabama was the first State mentioned. Of the four delegates at large, one was a rebel General, and another a rebel Colonel. Of the twelve district delegates, five were rebel soldiers, and one was in the rebel Congress. The next Southern State mentioned was North Carolina. Of the four delegates at large, two were rebel Generals, and one was in the Congress. Of the ten district delegates named, five were rebel officers, and one was in the civil service. At the head of the South Carolina delegation—the only other Southern State named—was Wade Hampton, described as "unquestionably the leading man in South Carolina, and fills more nearly than any other the place left vacant by Calhoun in the hearts of the white people."

Besides these there were scores of others as noted for heir hatred of the Union, whose sentiments are those recently expressed by Wade Hampton at General Lee's Washington College in Virginia, that the cause for which Stonewall Jackson fell could not be a lost cause, and would yet triumph; that is to say, that secession would yet be accomplished.

These are "the men upon whom the Republic relies for salvation."

"Their record of service to the nation" reaches from the shot at the unarmed *Star of the West* to the surrender of Lee to Grant and the flight of Jefferson Davis in petticoats; and is illustrated by Quantrell's Lawrence massacre, by the Andersonville and Salisbury pens, by the assassination of President Lincoln, by the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of brave men fighting for the Union, and by a debt of twenty-five hundred millions of dollars.

Five years ago those "friends of the Republic" celebrated the day by striking at its heart at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. This year they celebrated it by seeking some other means of consummating the crime that was then—thanks to the brave hearts and hands of loyal men!—wholly baffled.

Let no one say that it is a mistake of fact and of policy to regard these men as rebels, and that there can never be peace if we are always to remember the war. We do not describe them: they describe themselves. They not only venerate the lost cause as those who served it sincerely, but as those who serve it still, and do not hesitate to say so. If that is the cause of the loyal people of the United States they will follow Wade Hampton and his colleagues: not otherwise.

THE POSITION OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

Whether Mr. Chase receives the Democratic nomination or not, his position is most humiliating. The Chief Justice of the United States mad for the Presidential office is not an ennobling spectacle. His conduct degrades the judiciary, not because a citizen should renounce all patriotic interest in politics because he is a judge, but because it lays his office open to suspicion. A Chief Justice who is so consumed with desire of the Executive office that he makes it painfully and ridiculously apparent to all the world, invites the doubt whether his judgments might not be affected by his ambition. Whatever the nomination of Mr. Chase might prove, therefore, as to the practical demoralization of the Democratic party, it certainly clouds his own fame and enrolls him among the most melancholy examples of those American public men who have been ruined by the Presidential frenzy.

He says in his letter of July 1, "The practical disposition of the question of suffrage, as well as all other domestic questions, is for the people of the States themselves, not for outsiders." If this means after the States are restored, nobody asserts any thing else. It is the very position of the Republican platform. If it means that Congress has no right to settle the question of suffrage in an unrestored State, then the Chief Justice has changed his views and has gone over to the Democratic ground. In his speech at Charleston on the 12th of May, 1865, Mr. Chase said plainly to the colored men that if Congress did not enfranchise them, "*I would go to work and show that the United States Government was mistaken in making the delay. If you show this the mistake will be corrected.*" This is not only a hearty approval of the Republican policy, but was meant to be understood as such, and to secure the radical nomination.

The Chief Justice says in conclusion: "It is an intense desire with me to see the Democratic party meeting the questions of the day in the spirit of the day, and assuring to itself a long duration of ascendency. It can do so if it will." He forgets that the enduring supremacy of a party comes from real convictions and a logical policy. The Chief Justice seems not to see that a great party can not rat as an individual may. It is not enough for a party to insist down to the meeting of its Convention, as the *World* did, that the question to be decided by the election is, whether the reconstruction policy shall stand, and when the Convention meets declare that it accepts the policy, and will nominate one of the old supporters of the policy, who eats his words for the occasion, so that literally each goes over to the other.

To secure a long duration of ascendency the Democratic party must find another course than the uncertain adoption of the Republican policy and the nomination of a wavering Republican.

THE ALPHABET AND THE BALLOT.

Education, the diffusion of intelligence, is to be the great national regenerator and pacificator. Knowledge is power, and never more so than among the freedmen, and power is confidence. The alphabet and the ballot are going hand in hand at the South. One protects and secures the other. A colored regiment recruited in North Carolina when it took the field did not contain twenty men who could read and write. After two years' service there was not a single man in it who could not do both. Such zeal for instruction, such readiness in learning, such results, were never known as the lately-emancipated class have displayed. During the last half of the year 1867 there were more than three thousand schools open for the freedmen.

Among the Societies interested in the subject the New York branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission is well known to us, and none has been more faithful. But it has reached the end of its sixth annual school term with an exhausted treasury. It is without the means of bringing home the devoted band of women who for the past nine months have given up all the comforts of their own quiet Northern homes for work carried on in the face of many privations, and in some places in opposition to the active enmity of the so-called "better class." During the past season, as during the previous ones, the Society has educated many thousands of children and some hundreds of adults, and the trustees confidently believe that of the money which has been intrusted to them not a dollar has been wasted. But during the past three months the receipts have not equaled the promises at the time of the opening of the schools last fall, and the trustees are now compelled to ask all who feel an interest in this great work, and in its continuance, to contribute without delay such amount as they may be willing to give, sending it either to Francis George Shaw, President, 30 Vesey Street, or to Edward F. Davison, Treasurer, 128 Pearl Street.

THE "HIGH-TONED" GENTRY AGAIN.

On the day before the meeting of the Democratic Convention at Tammany Hall the *World* had an article upon the duty of the Southern delegates, which said to them, with great truth and distinctness, that if the Southern Democrats voted at all in the Presidential election they must vote under the new State governments, and must so far recognize them. If they did not vote, by what right were they represented in the Convention? The *World* knew, of course, that there were Southern delegates who talked of revolution, and so forth, in the event of defeat, and it therefore concluded—after showing the situation in which the Southern members were placed—"There is no way out of this dilemma except by the sword, and the land has already been drenched with too much fraternal blood."

But in the same article, with the irresistible Northern Democratic instinct to grovel and cringe before the late haughty masters of the party, the *World* says:

> "After the platform is adopted and the nominations made it will be their [the Southern delegates] duty to contribute what they can to the success of the ticket in their own States. This is the implied condition of participating in the national council of the Democratic party; a condition which, with their quick sense of honor, the Southern delegates and the high-minded people they represent will be the first to recognize."

As they did in the Charleston Convention of 1860!

WHAT THE SOLDIERS SAY.

We presume that the letter of General Ord was not read at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at the Cooper Institute. The General has not been hitherto considered a very dangerous Radical, but after the letter he wrote to the San Francisco meeting he must expect no mercy. He had been invited to be a Vice-President of the great ratification meeting in San Francisco, and he replied to the chairman:

> "Sir,—Your note of the 26th instant, inviting me to attend a meeting to ratify the nomination of Grant and Colfax, on the 2d proximo, is just received.
>
> "As I think it improper for officers of the army to take any active part in politics, I shall have to decline the honor of acting as Vice-President at the meeting; but as a simple citizen, anxious to show my appreciation of the great General and good man, whom I think the country can not honor too highly, it will afford me pleasure to be present at the meeting.
>
> "I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
> "E. O. C. Ord,
> "Brigadier and Brevet Major-General."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The organization of the Democratic Convention in this city took place on July 4, at Tammany Hall, which is described and illustrated elsewhere in our columns. Henry S. Palmer, of Wisconsin, was chosen temporary President, and committees on organization and resolutions were appointed. On Monday Horatio Seymour, of New York, was chosen President, and, fully organized, the Convention proceeded to its labors. Mr. Seymour's speech was merely a tirade against the Republican policy of reconstruction, not an exposition of the present principles of the Democracy. Little was accomplished on the second day of the session. On taking one or two votes the lack of harmony between the Eastern and Western delegates was clearly manifested. At the time at which we go to press no nominations have been made or platform adopted.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Constitution has been defeated in Mississippi by a large majority.

President Johnson issued, on July 4, a proclamation of general amnesty and pardon to all engaged in the late rebellion, except those already indicted for treason or other felony.

The Board of Health of this city has called attention to the fact that many marriages are performed by notaries public in this city, which are illegal, as they have no right to perform the ceremony.

General Canby, upon being notified that the North Carolina Legislature had ratified the constitutional amendment, issued an order suspending military law in that State.

The Schutzenfest closed on July 6 with the distribution of prizes. John Becker, of Guttenberg, New Jersey, was crowned Schutzenking, and received as prizes five gold and eleven silver medals, a Panama hat worth $80, a meerschaum pipe worth $100, and other prizes and donations aggregating in money value to over $1000.

An awful calamity occurred on July 4 at Oakland, California, opposite San Francisco, by the giving way of the draw-bridge of a ferry-boat. Sixty persons were precipitated into the water, of whom a large number were drowned. Ten bodies were recovered.

FOREIGN NEWS.

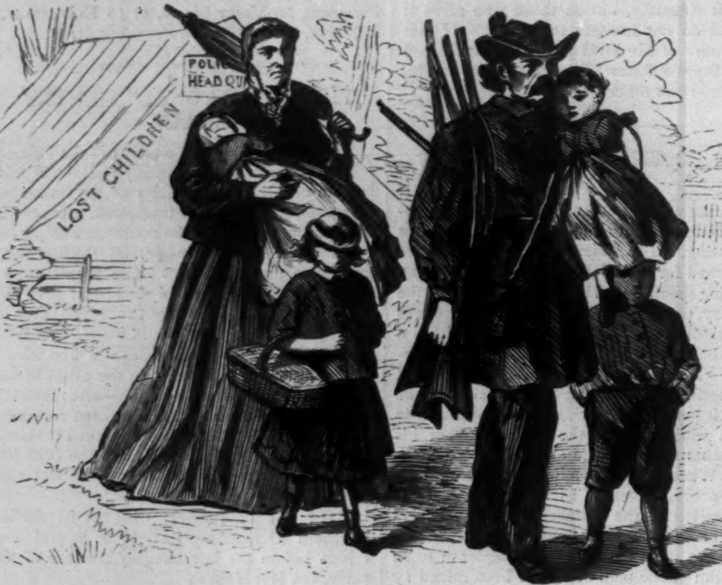
Bavaria has signed the Naturalization treaty with the United States.

The rebels in China were menacing Pekin very seriously on May 20.

Captain Bridge, of the British man-of-war *Chanticleer*, for some actual or imagined insult to its flag, blockaded Mazatlan, Mexico, on June 20, and threatened to bombard it. The threat resulted in the hoisting of the American flag over all American houses and other property, the appearance of an American steamer in the harbor to protect American interests, and the display of Mexican infantry and artillery in the city. Captain Bridge then concluded to wait orders from his Admiral.

There are peace signs in Europe. Minister Rouher, of France, says that a "strong standing army is a pledge of peace; that Napoleon accepts German unity and the rights of nationalities; and that France has no idea of war except in defense of her territory." The Austrian Government furloughs thirty-six thousand troops. France will furlough an entire army corps.

Jacmel, Hayti, was recently plundered by the peasantry in the neighborhood, and the American Consul there has demanded the presence of an American man-of-war.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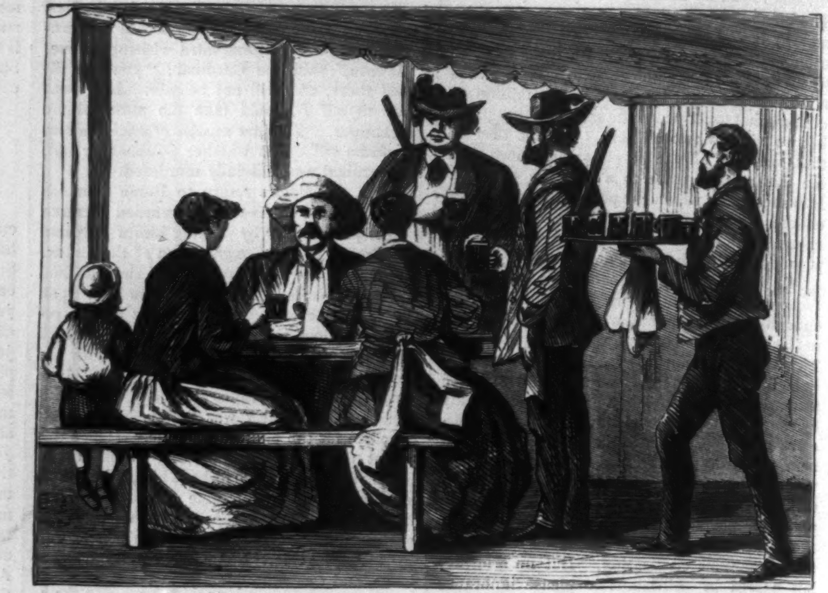
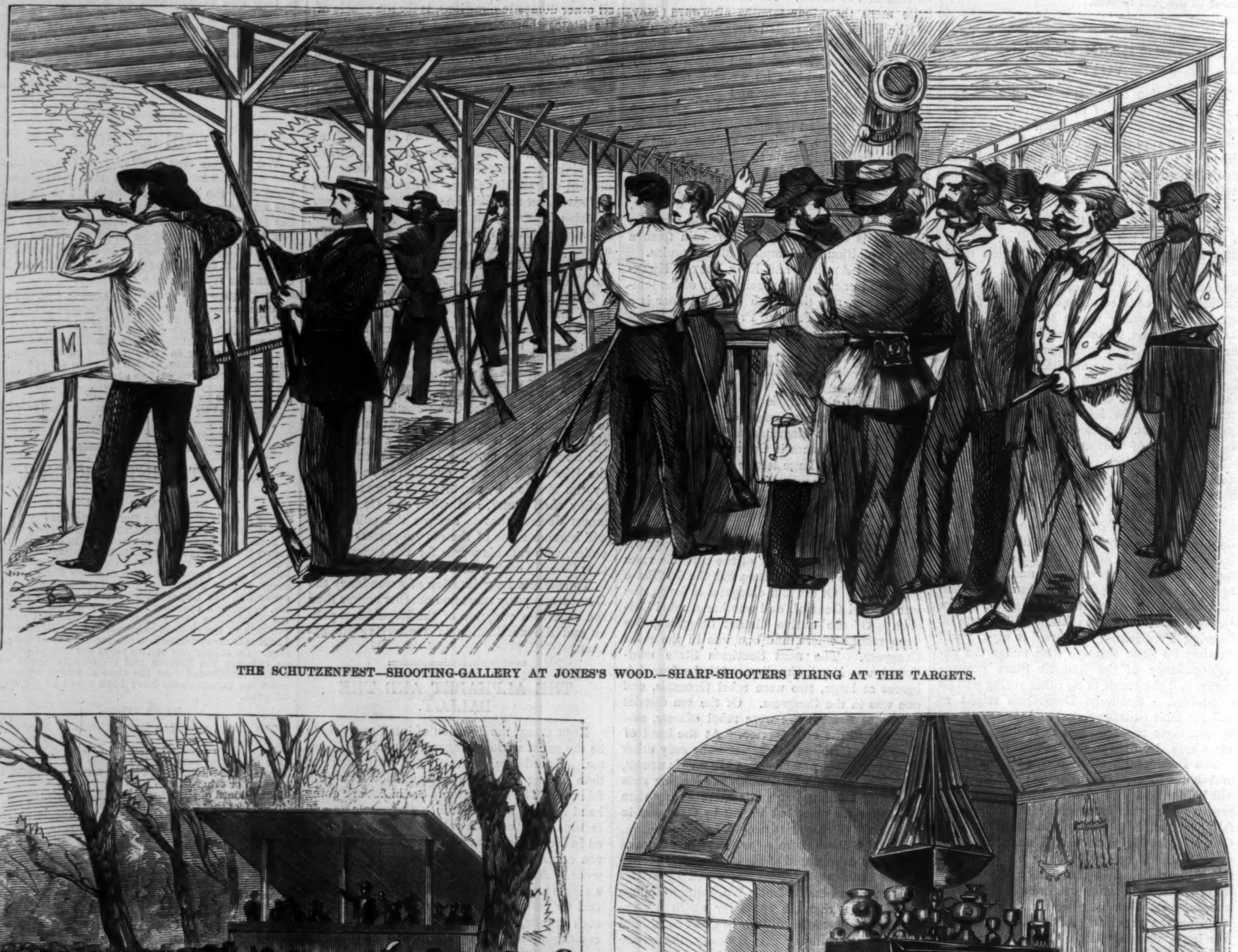
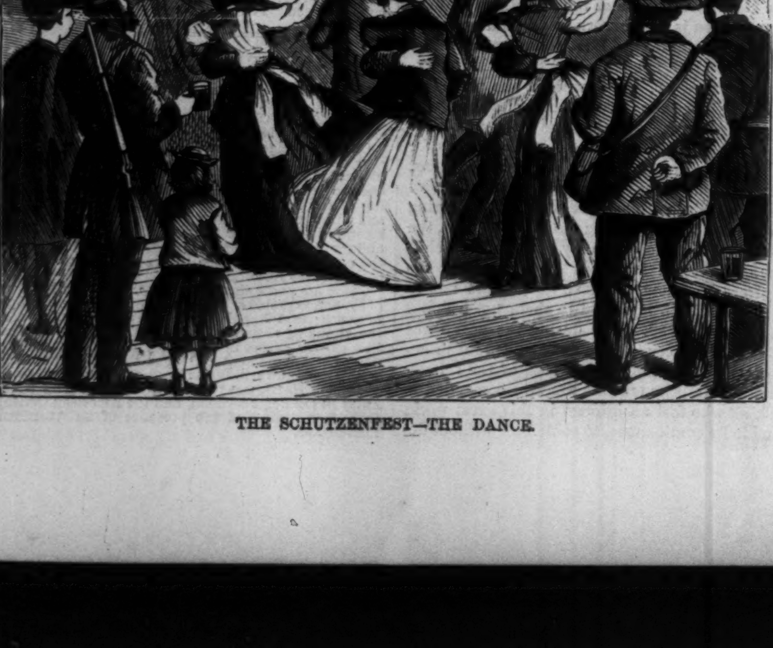
THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE DOMESTIC SHARP-SHOOTER.



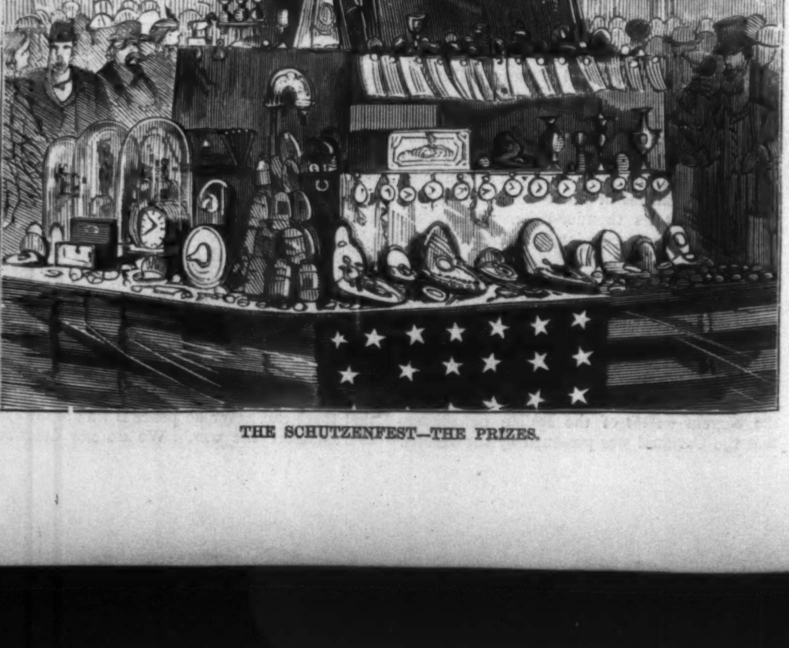
THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE CONVIVIAL SHARP-SHOOTER.



THE SCHUTZENFEST—SHOOTING-GALLERY AT JONES'S WOOD.—SHARP-SHOOTERS FIRING AT THE TARGETS.



THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE DANCE.


PHILADELPHIA

THE SCHUTZENFEST—THE PRIZES.

INDEPENDENCE.

Our Freedom seeks no pathway strewn with flowers,
  She treads rough roads and guards uneven coasts,
And battling with the might of adverse powers,
    She dares war's blood-red hosts.

Her children must be earnest, calm, and thrifty,
  Not quick to wrath, but ready at her call;
They knew her well, the dauntless five-and-fifty
    Of Independence Hall.

They counted and accepted each privation,
  The sacrifice of self, by which they won her,
When to the truths of that old Declaration
    They pledged their lives and honor.

Freedom to us to-day is no new-comer;
  Full oft, despondent, gazing in her eyes,
We've gained the faith that draws the warmth of summer
    From winter's tempest skies.

Yet more than all before are we her debtors;
  'Tis good and proper that we chant her hymns,
For at our call she struck the galling fetters
    Off from four million limbs.

To us 'twas given to know the way of duty,
  To find within the battle's heart one gem
Of priceless worth, and of eternal beauty,
    To deck her diadem.

She is our love. What though her breast be gory
  And thousand-scarred? What though the tyrant scorns?
Was not the Head, ineffable in glory,
    Once crowned with cruel thorns?

Anew upon this birthday of the nation
  We pledge ourselves through years of peace or strife
To those great principles which give duration
    To Freedom's generous life.

THE SHARP-SHOOTERS' CARNIVAL.

Harlequin, and Columbine, and Prince Carnival, and all the rest of the tribe of mimes, are supposed to be children of the land of Garibaldi and Grimaldi; but of late years they have largely emigrated, and nowadays the Italian "Macaroni" is "Jean Potage" in France, "Jack Pudding" in England, "Pickel-herringe" in Holland, "Hanswurst" in Germany, and "Gracioso" in Spain. But of all the lands under the sun, the sprites seem to be most at home in this country, and the Yankee Prince Carnival appears to be, like our population, made up of all nations. He is as elastic as the Italian, as witty as the Frenchman, as grotesque as the German, as droll as the Spaniard, and a pretty good representative of all nations amalgamated in one.

But of all peoples the Germans appear to be fondest of Prince Carnival, and he is as much a patron saint with them as Santa Claus himself. It is doubtful, much as we hear of the extravagance and grotesqueness of Carnivals in some of the old countries, if there is any land in which the Germans carry their Carnival celebrations to such an extent as in this. In winter their Arion and other balls indoors are of the most humorous character, and their occasional outdoor carnivals, like that of the Sharp-shooters during the first week of this month, has never been excelled in this country.

We have illustrated elsewhere the procession through the streets of New York, with some of the scenes witnessed by our artists, Charles G. Bush and Stanley Fox, and jotted down in their note-books, and the reader who did not see it may enjoy in their reproductions some of the grotesqueness and humor of this midsummer carnival. The procession took place on June 30, and was witnessed and participated in by a quarter of a million persons. Our front-page illustration represents a part of the cortége passing through Union Square. This procession was a most fantastic display, but arranged not without design. There were seven distinct divisions. The first was composed of various German infantry commands; the second of various groups or squads representing soldiers of different ages, and designed to illustrate the gradual development of the warrior-knight of old into the sharp-shooter of to-day; the third was a triumphal chariot, on which were grouped a number of ladies representing various countries, and all fraternizing about the figure of Columbia, "the noblest (and loveliest) of them all;" the fourth was composed of the various companies of sharp-shooters; the fifth a number of companies illustrating the various uniforms, from the Continental of 1776 to those of the present day; the sixth was formed of the various German singing societies of the city and vicinity; and the seventh of the German artillery organization of New York. In the second division, which was the most fantastic of all, there were ancient knights with their lances, bowmen with the weapon of Tell, musketeers of the sixteenth century with old fuse muskets, Prussian grenadiers of Old Fritz's day with flint-lock guns, Tyrolean warriors with rifles, and, finally, sharp-shooters with every variety of the modern Needle, Gatling, Chassepôt, and breech-loading rifles. The chariot consisted of a platform, with a raised throne under a canopy at the rear end, beautifully decorated with the American colors and garlands of natural flowers, and around the sides were shields with the coats of arms of the nations represented in the car. Six white horses drew this imposing vehicle, led by as many jockeys in costume, and the reins were held by an experienced Jehu, assisted by two grooms all in scarlet.

The various scenes on page 452 will further serve to illustrate the peculiar spirit of the occasion. The German never enjoys himself, whether at feast or work, without his children, and the little ones as well as the rifles were in arms during the festival week. It was not uncommon to see a sturdy Teuton loaded down, as is the one in our sketch, with a fat baby and his favorite rifle, and those of his friends who were engaged in dancing. Another very common and characteristic scene is reproduced in the second sketch on the same page, illustrating the Teutons at the lager-beer tables. The dancing, as well as the drinking, was kept up continuously, day and night, in spite of the hot weather. On the same page with these we give a view in the shooting-gallery, representing the firing; and a view of the prize-stand, and the various prizes grouped on and around it.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

Fourth Narrative.

Extracted from the Journal of Ezra Jennings.

1849.—*June* 15...... With some interruption from patients, and some interruption from pain, I finished my letter to Miss Verinder in time for to-day's post. I failed to make it as short a letter as I could have wished. But I think I have made it plain. It leaves her entirely mistress of her own decision. If she consents to assist the experiment, she consents of her own free-will, and not as a favor to Mr. Franklin Blake or to me.

June 16,—Rose late, after a dreadful night; the vengeance of yesterday's opium pursuing me through a series of frightful dreams. At one time, I was whirling through empty space with the phantoms of the dead, friends and enemies together. At another, the one beloved face which I shall never see again, rose at my bedside, hideously phosphorescent in the black darkness, and glared and grinned at me. A slight return of the old pain, at the usual time in the early morning, was welcome as a change. It dispelled the visions—and it was bearable because it did that.

My bad night made it late in the morning before I could get to Mr. Franklin Blake. I found him stretched on the sofa, breakfasting on brandy and soda-water, and a dry biscuit.

"I am beginning as well as you could possibly wish," he said. "A miserable, restless night; and a total failure of appetite this morning. Exactly what happened last year when I gave up my cigars. The sooner I am ready for my second dose of laudanum the better I shall be pleased."

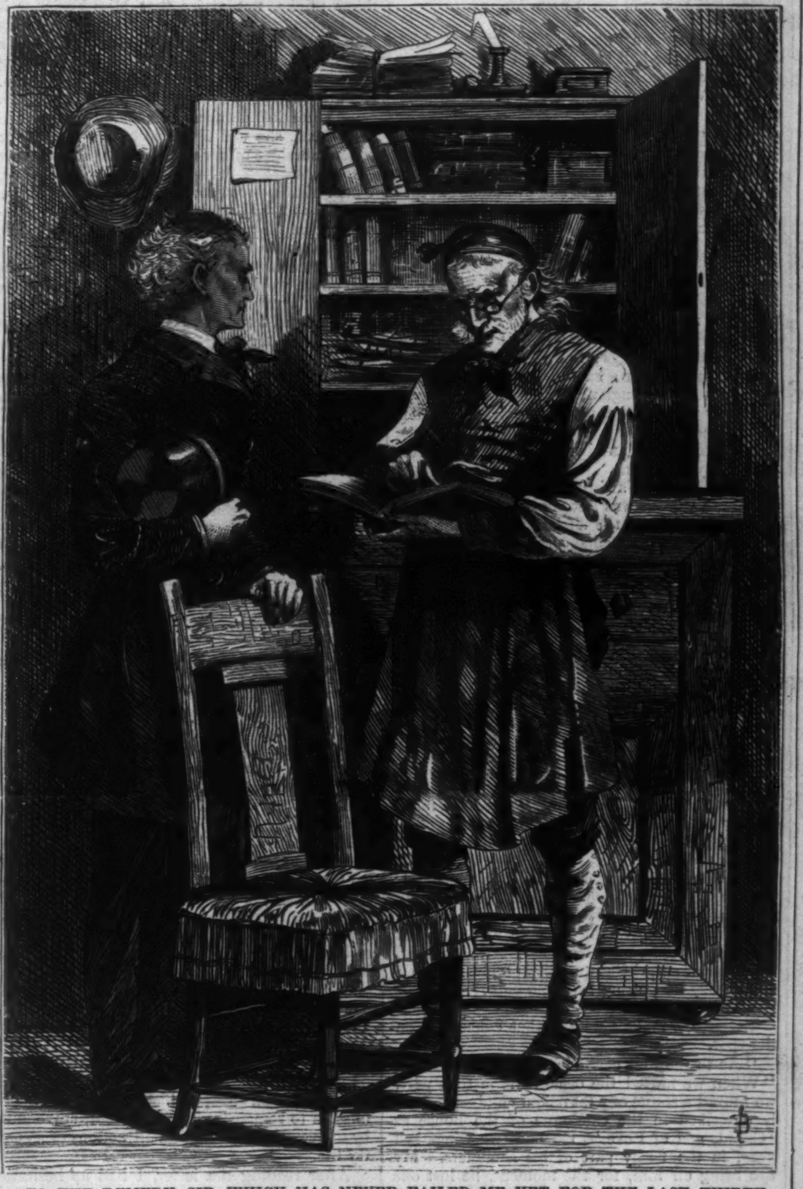
"You shall have it on the earliest possible day," I answered. "In the mean time, we must be as careful of your health as we can. If we allow you to become exhausted, we shall fail in that way. You must get an appetite for your dinner. In other words, you must get a ride or a walk this morning in the fresh air."

"I will ride, if they can find me a horse here. By-the-by, I wrote to Mr. Bruff yesterday. Have you written to Miss Verinder?"

"Yes—by last night's post."

"Very good. We shall have some news worth hearing to tell each other to-morrow. Don't go yet! I have a word to say to you. You appeared to think, yesterday, that our experiment with the opium was not likely to be viewed very favorably by some of my friends. You were quite right, I call old Gabriel Betteredge one of my friends; and you will be amused to hear that he protested strongly when I saw him yesterday. 'You have done a wonderful number of foolish things in the course of your life, Mr. Franklin; but this tops them all!' There is Betteredge's opinion! You will make allowances for his prejudices, I am sure, if you and he happen to meet."

I left Mr. Blake, to go my rounds among my patients; feeling the better and the happier even for the short interview that I had had with him.



"TO THE REMEDY, SIR, WHICH HAS NEVER FAILED ME YET FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS AND MORE—TO THIS BOOK!"

What is the secret of the attraction that there is for me in this man? Does it only mean that I feel the contrast between the frankly kind manner in which he has allowed me to become acquainted with him, and the merciless dislike and distrust with which I am met by other people? Or is there really something in him which answers to the yearning that I have for a little human sympathy—the yearning, which has survived the solitude and persecution of many years; which seems to grow keener and keener, as the time comes nearer and nearer when I shall endure and feel no more? How useless to ask these questions! Mr. Blake has given me a new interest in life. Let that be enough, without seeking to know what the new interest is.

June 17.—Before breakfast this morning Mr. Candy informed me that he was going away for a fortnight, on a visit to a friend in the south of England. He gave me as many special directions, poor fellow, about the patients, as if he still had the large practice which he possessed before he was taken ill. The practice is worth little enough now! Other doctors have superseded *him;* and nobody who can help it will employ *me.*

It is perhaps fortunate that he is to be away just at this time. He would have been mortified if I had not informed him of the experiment which I am going to try with Mr. Blake. And I hardly know what undesirable results might not have happened if I had taken him into my confidence. Better as it is. Unquestionably, better as it is.

The post brought me Miss Verinder's answer, after Mr. Candy had left the house.

A charming letter! It gives me the highest opinion of her. There is no attempt to conceal the interest that she feels in our proceedings. She tells me, in the prettiest manner, that my letter has satisfied her of Mr. Blake's innocence, without the slightest need (so far as she is concerned) of putting my assertion to the proof. She even upbraids herself—most undeservedly, poor thing!—for not having divined at the time what the true solution of the mystery might really be. The motive underlying all this proceeds evidently from something more than a generous eagerness to make atonement for a wrong which she has innocently inflicted on another person. It is plain that she has loved him throughout the estrangement between them. In more than one place the rapture of discovering that he has deserved to be loved breaks its way innocently through the stoutest formalities of pen and ink, and even defies the stronger restraint still of writing to a stranger. Is it possible (I ask myself, in reading this delightful letter) that I, of all men in the world, am chosen to be the means of bringing these two young people together again? My own happiness has been trampled under foot; my own love has been torn from me. Shall I live to see a happiness of others, which is of my making—a love renewed, which is of my bringing back? Oh merciful Death, let me see it before your arms enfold me, before your voice whispers to me, "Rest at last!"

There are two requests contained in the letter. One of them prevents me from showing it to Mr. Franklin Blake. I am authorized to tell him that Miss Verinder willingly consents to place her house at our disposal; and, that said, I am desired to add no more.

So far, it is easy to comply with her wishes. But the second request embarrasses me seriously.

Not content with having written to Mr. Betteredge, instructing him to carry out whatever directions I may have to give, Miss Verinder asks leave to assist me, by personally superintending the restoration of her own sitting-room. She only waits a word of reply from me, to make the journey to Yorkshire, and to be present as one of the witnesses on the night when the opium is tried for the second time.

Here, again, there is a motive under the surface; and, here again, I fancy that I can find it out.

What she has forbidden me to tell Mr. Franklin Blake, she is (as I interpret it) eager to tell him with her own lips, *before* he is put to the test which is to vindicate his character in the eyes of other people. I understand and admire this generous anxiety to acquit him, without waiting until his innocence may, or may not, be proved. It is the atonement that she is longing to make, poor girl, after having innocently and inevitably wronged him. But the thing can not be done. I have no sort of doubt that the agitation which a meeting between them would produce on both sides—the old feelings which it would revive, the new hopes which it would awaken—would, in their effect on the mind of Mr. Blake, be almost certainly fatal to the success of our experiment. It is hard enough, as things are, to reproduce in him the conditions as they existed, or nearly as they existed, last year. With new interests and new emotions to agitate him, the attempt would be simply useless.

And yet, knowing this, I can not find it in my heart to disappoint her. I must try if I can discover some new arrangement, before post-time, which will allow me to say Yes to Miss Verinder, without damage to the service which I have bound myself to render to Mr. Franklin Blake.

Two o'clock.—I have just returned from my round of medical visits; having begun, of course, by calling at the hotel.

Mr. Blake's report of the night is the same as before. He has had some intervals of broken sleep, and no more. But he feels it less to-day, having slept after yesterday's dinner. This after-dinner sleep is the result, no doubt, of the ride which I advised him to take. I fear I shall have to curtail his restorative exercise in the fresh air. He must not be too well; he must not be too ill. It is a case (as the sailors would say) of very fine steering.

He has not heard yet from Mr. Bruff. I found him eager to know if I had received any answer from Miss Verinder.

I told him exactly what I was permitted to tell, and no more. It was quite needless to invent excuses for not showing him the letter. He told me bitterly enough, poor fellow, that he understood the delicacy which disinclined me to produce it. "She consents, of course, as a matter of common courtesy and common justice," he said. "But she keeps her own opinion of me, and waits to see the result." I was sorely tempted to hint that he was now wronging her as she had wronged him. On reflection, I shrank from forestalling her in the double luxury of surprising and forgiving him.

My visit was a very short one. After the experience of the other night, I have been compelled once more to give up my dose of opium. As a necessary result, the agony of the disease that is in me has got the upper hand again. I felt the attack coming on, and left abruptly, so as not to alarm or distress him. It only lasted a quarter of an hour this time, and it left me strength enough to go on with my work.

Five o'clock.—I have written my reply to Miss Verinder.

The arrangement I have proposed reconciles the interest on both sides, if she will only consent to it. After first stating the objections that there are to a meeting between Mr. Blake and herself, before the experiment is tried, I have suggested that she should so time her journey as to arrive at the house privately, on the evening when we make the attempt. Traveling by the afternoon train from London, she would delay her arrival until nine o'clock. At that hour, I have undertaken to see Mr. Blake safely into his bedchamber; and so to leave Miss Verinder free to occupy her own rooms until the time comes for administering the laudanum. When that has been done, there can be no objection to her watching the result, with the rest of us. On the next morning she shall show Mr. Blake (if she likes) her correspondence with me, and shall satisfy him in that way that he was acquitted in her estimation, before the question of his innocence was put to the proof.

In that sense I have written to her. This is all that I can do to-day. To-morrow I must see Mr. Betteredge, and give the necessary directions for reopening the house.

June 18.—Late again, in calling on Mr. Franklin Blake. More of that horrible pain in the early morning; followed, this time, by complete prostration, for some hours. I foresee, in spite of the penalties which it exacts from me, that I shall have to return to the opium for the hundredth time. If I had only myself to think of, I should prefer the sharp pains to the frightful dreams. But the physical suffering exhausts me. If I let myself sink, it may end in my becoming useless to Mr. Blake at the time when he wants me most.

It was nearly nine o'clock before I could get to the hotel to-day. The visit, even in my shattered condition, proved to be a ~~most~~ amusing one—thanks entirely to the presence, on the scene, of Gabriel Betteredge.

I found him in the room, when I went in. He withdrew to the window and looked out, while I put my first customary question to my patient. Mr. Blake had slept badly again, and he felt the loss of rest this morning more than he had felt it yet.

I asked next if he had heard from Mr. Bruff.

A letter had reached him that morning. Mr. Bruff expressed the strongest disapproval of the course which his friend and client was taking under my advice. It was mischievous—for it excited hopes that might never be realized. It was quite unintelligible to *his* mind, except that it looked like a piece of trickery, akin to the trickery of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the like. It unsettled Miss Verinder's house, and it would end in unsettling Miss Verinder herself. He had put the case (without mentioning names) to an eminent physician; and the eminent physician had smiled, had shaken his head, and had said—nothing. On these grounds, Mr. Bruff entered his protest, and left it there.

My ~~next~~ inquiry related to the subject of the Diamond. Had the lawyer produced any evidence to prove that the jewel was in London?

No, the lawyer had simply declined to discuss the question. He was himself satisfied that the Moonstone had been pledged to Mr. Luker. His eminent absent friend, Mr. Murthwaite (whose consummate knowledge of the Indian character no one could deny), was satisfied also. Under these circumstances, and with the many demands already made on him, he must decline entering into any disputes on the subject of evidence. Time would show; and Mr. Bruff was willing to wait for time.

It was quite plain—even if Mr. Blake had not made it plainer still by reporting the substance of the letter, instead of reading what was actually written—that distrust of *me* was at the bottom of all this. Having myself foreseen that result, I was neither mortified nor surprised. I asked Mr. Blake if his friend's protest had shaken him. He answered emphatically that it had not produced the slightest effect on his mind. I was free after that to dismiss Mr. Bruff from consideration—and I did dismiss him, accordingly.

A pause in the talk between us followed—and Gabriel Betteredge came out from his retirement at the window.

"Can you favor me with your attention, Sir?" he inquired, addressing himself to me.

"I am quite at your service," I answered.

Betteredge took a chair and seated himself at the table. He produced a huge old-fashioned leather pocket-book, with a pencil of dimensions to match. Having put on his spectacles he opened the pocket-book, at a blank page, and addressed himself to me once more.

"I have lived," said Betteredge, looking at me sternly, "nigh on fifty years in the service of my late lady. I was page-boy before that in the service of the old lord, her father. I am now somewhere between seventy and eighty years of age—never mind exactly where! I am reckoned to have got as pretty a knowledge and experience of the world as most men. And what does it all end in? It ends, Mr. Ezra Jennings, in a conjuring trick being performed on Mr. Franklin Blake by a doctor's assistant with a bottle of laudanum; and, by the living jingo, I'm appointed, in my old age, to be conjuror's boy!"

Mr. Blake burst out laughing. I attempted to speak. Betteredge held up his hand in token that he had not done yet.

"Not a word, Mr. Jennings!" he said. "It don't want a word, Sir, from you. I have got my principles, thank God. If an order comes to me which is own brother to an order come from Bedlam, it don't matter. So long as I get it from my master or mistress, as the case may be, I obey it. I may have my own opinion, which is also, you will please to remember, the opinion of Mr. Bruff—the Great Mr. Bruff!" said Betteredge, raising his voice, and shaking his head at me solemnly. "It don't matter; I withdraw my opinion, for all that. My young lady says, 'Do it.' And I say, 'Miss, it shall be done.' Here I am, with my book and my pencil—the latter not pointed so well as I could wish; but when Christians take leave of their senses, who is to expect that pencils will keep their points? Give me your orders, Mr. Jennings. I'll have them in writing, Sir. I'm determined not to be behind 'em, or before 'em, by so much as a hair's-breadth. I'm a blind agent—that's what I am. A blind agent!" repeated Betteredge, with infinite relish of his own description of himself.

"I am very sorry," I began, "that you and I don't agree—"

"Don't bring *me* into it!" interposed Betteredge. "This is not a matter of agreement, it's a matter of obedience. Issue your directions, Sir—issue your directions!"

Mr. Blake made me a sign to take him at his word. I "issued my directions" as plainly and as gravely as I could.

"I wish certain parts of the house to be reopened," I said, "and to be furnished exactly as they were furnished at this time last year."

Betteredge gave his imperfectly-pointed pencil a preliminary lick with his tongue. "Name the parts, Mr. Jennings!" he said, loftily.

"First, the inner hall, leading to the chief staircase."

"'First, the inner hall,'" Betteredge wrote. "Impossible to furnish that, Sir, as it was furnished last year—to begin with."

"Why?"

"Because there was a stuffed buzzard, Mr. Jennings, in the hall last year. When the family left the buzzard was put away with the other things. When the buzzard was put away—he burst."

"We will except the buzzard then."

Betteredge took a note of the exception. "'The inner hall to be furnished again, as furnished last year. A burst buzzard alone excepted.' Please to go on, Mr. Jennings."

"The carpet to be laid down on the stairs, as before."

"'The carpet to be laid down on the stairs, as before.' Sorry to disappoint you, Sir. But that can't be done either."

"Why not?"

"Because the man who laid that carpet down is dead, Mr. Jennings; and the like of him for reconciling together a carpet and a corner is not to be found in all England, look where you may."

"Very well. We must try the next best man in England."

Betteredge took another note, and I went on issuing my directions.

"Miss Verinder's sitting-room to be restored exactly to what it was last year. Also, the corridor leading from the sitting-room to the first landing. Also, the second corridor, leading from the second landing to the best bedrooms. Also, the bedroom occupied last June by Mr. Franklin Blake."

Betteredge's blunt pencil followed me conscientiously, word by word. "Go on, Sir," he said, with sardonic gravity. "There's a deal of writing left in the point of this pencil yet."

I told him that I had no more directions to give. "Sir," said Betteredge, "in that case, I have a point or two to put on my own behalf." He opened the pocket-book at a new page, and gave the inexhaustible pencil another preliminary lick.

"I wish to know," he began, "whether I may, or may not, wash my hands—"

"You may, decidedly," said Mr. Blake. "I'll ring for the waiter."

"—of certain responsibilities," pursued Betteredge, impenetrably declining to see any body in the room but himself and me. "As to Miss Verinder's sitting-room, to begin with. When we took up the carpet last year, Mr. Jennings, we found a surprising quantity of pins. Am I responsible for putting back the pins?"

"Certainly not."

Betteredge made a note of that concession on the spot.

"As to the first corridor next," he resumed. "When we moved the ornaments in that part, we moved a statue of a fat naked child—profanely described in the catalogue of the house as 'Cupid, god of Love.' He had two wings last year, in the fleshy part of his shoulders. My eye being off him, for the moment, he lost one of them. Am I responsible for Cupid's wing?"

I made another concession, and Betteredge made another note.

"As to the second corridor," he went on. "There having been nothing in it last year but the doors of the rooms (to every one of which I can swear, if necessary), my mind is easy, I admit, respecting that part of the house only. But, as to Mr. Franklin's bedroom (if *that* is to be put back to what it was before), I want to know who is responsible for keeping it in a perpetual state of litter, no matter how often it may be set right—his trowsers here, his towels there, and his French novels every where—I say, who is responsible for untidying the tidiness of Mr. Franklin's room—him or me?"

Mr. Blake declared that he would assume the whole responsibility with the greatest pleasure. Betteredge obstinately declined to listen to any solution of the difficulty without first referring it to my sanction and approval. I accepted Mr. Blake's proposal; and Betteredge made a last entry in the pocket-book to that effect.

"Look in when you like, Mr. Jennings, beginning from to-morrow," he said, getting on his legs. "You will find me at work, with the necessary persons to assist me. I respectfully beg to thank you, Sir, for overlooking the case of the stuffed buzzard, and the other case of the Cupid's wing—as also for permitting me to wash my hands of all responsibility in respect of the pins on the carpet, and the litter in Mr. Franklin's room. Speaking as a servant, I am deeply indebted to you. Speaking as a man, I consider you to be a person whose head is full of maggots; and I take up my testimony against your experiment as a delusion and a snare. Don't be afraid, on that account, of my feelings as a man getting in the way of my duty as a servant! You shall be obeyed—the maggots notwithstanding, Sir, you shall be obeyed. If it ends in your setting the house on fire, damme if I send for the engines unless you ring the bell and order them first!"

With that farewell assurance he made me a bow, and walked out of the room.

"Do you think we can depend on him?" I asked.

"Implicitly," answered Mr. Blake. "When we go to the house, we shall find nothing neglected, and nothing forgotten."

June 19.—Another protest against our contemplated proceedings! From a lady this time.

The morning's post brought me two letters. One from Miss Verinder, consenting, in the kindest manner, to the arrangement that I have proposed. The other from the lady under whose care she is living—one Mrs. Merridew.

Mrs. Merridew presents her compliments, and does not pretend to understand the subject on which I have been corresponding with Miss Verinder, in its scientific bearings. Viewed in its social bearings, however, she feels free to pronounce an opinion. I am probably, Mrs. Merridew thinks, not aware that Miss Verinder is barely nineteen years of age. To allow a young lady, at her time of life, to be present (without a "chaperon") in a house full of men among whom a medical experiment is being carried on, is an outrage on propriety which Mrs. Merridew can not possibly permit. If the matter is allowed to proceed, she will feel it to be her duty—at a serious sacrifice of her own personal convenience—to accompany Miss Verinder to Yorkshire. Under these circumstances she ventures to request that I will kindly reconsider the subject; seeing that Miss Verinder declines to be guided by any opinion but mine. Her presence can not possibly be necessary; and a word from me, to that effect, would relieve both Mrs. Merridew and myself of a very unpleasant responsibility.

Translated from polite commonplace into plain English, the meaning of this is, as I take it, that Mrs. Merridew stands in mortal fear of the opinion of the world. She has unfortunately appealed to the very last man in existence who has any reason to regard that opinion with respect. I won't disappoint Miss Verinder; and I won't delay a reconciliation between two young people who love each other, and who have been parted too long already. Translated from plain English into polite commonplace, this means that Mr. Jennings presents his compliments to Mrs. Merridew, and regrets that he can not feel justified in interfering any farther in the matter.

Mr. Blake's report of himself this morning was the same as before. We determined not to disturb Betteredge by overlooking him at the house to-day. To-morrow will be time enough for our first visit of inspection.

June 20.—Mr. Blake is beginning to feel his continued restlessness at night. The sooner the rooms are refurnished now the better.

On our way to the house this morning he consulted me, with some nervous impatience and irresolution, about a letter (forwarded to him from London) which he had received from Sergeant Cuff.

The Sergeant writes from Ireland. He acknowledges the receipt (through his house-keeper) of a card and message which Mr. Blake left at his residence near Dorking, and announces his return to England as likely to take place in a week or less. In the mean time he requests to be favored with Mr. Blake's reasons for wishing to speak to him (as stated in the message) on the subject of the Moonstone. If Mr. Blake can convict him of having made any serious mistake, in the course of his last year's inquiry concerning the Diamond, he will consider it a duty (after the liberal manner in which he was treated by the late Lady Verinder) to place himself at that gentleman's disposal. If not, he begs permission to remain in his retirement, surrounded by the peaceful floricultural attractions of a country life.

After reading the letter, I had no hesitation in advising Mr. Blake to inform Sergeant Cuff, in reply, of all that had happened since the inquiry was suspended last year, and to leave him to draw his own conclusions from the plain facts.

On second thoughts, I also suggested inviting the Sergeant to be present at the experiment, in the event of his returning to England in time to join us. He would be a valuable witness to have in any case; and, if I proved to be wrong in believing the Diamond to be hidden in Mr. Blake's room, his advice might be of great importance, at a future stage of the proceedings over which I could exercise no control. This last consideration appeared to decide Mr. Blake. He promised to follow my advice.

The sound of the hammer informed us that the work of refurnishing was in full progress, as we entered the drive that led to the house.

Betteredge, attired for the occasion in a fisherman's red cap and an apron of green baize, met us in the outer hall. The moment he saw me he pulled out the pocket-book and pencil, and obstinately insisted on taking notes of every thing that I said to him. Look where we might we found, as Mr. Blake had foretold, that the work was advancing as rapidly and as intelligently as it was possible to desire. But there was still much to be done in the inner hall, and in Miss Verinder's room. It seemed doubtful whether the house would be ready for us before the end of the week.

Having congratulated Betteredge on the progress that he had made (he persisted in taking notes every time I opened my lips; declining, at the same time, to pay the slightest attention to any thing said by Mr. Blake), and having promised to return for a second visit of inspection in a day or two, we prepared to leave the house, going out by the back way. Before we were clear of the passages down stairs I was stopped by Betteredge, just as I was passing the door which led into his own room.

"Could I say two words to you in private?" he asked, in a mysterious whisper.

I consented of course. Mr. Blake walked on to wait for me in the garden, while I accompanied Betteredge into his room. I fully anticipated a demand for certain new concessions, following the precedent already established in the cases of the stuffed buzzard and the Cupid's wing. To my great surprise, Betteredge laid his hand confidentially on my arm, and put this extraordinary question to me:

"Mr. Jennings, do you happen to be acquainted with Robinson Crusoe?"

I answered that I had read Robinson Crusoe when I was a child.

"Not since then?" inquired Betteredge.

"Not since then."

He fell back a few steps, and looked at me with an expression of compassionate curiosity, tempered by superstitious awe.

"He has not read Robinson Crusoe since he was a child," said Betteredge, speaking to himself—not to me. "Let's try how Robinson Crusoe strikes him now!"

He unlocked a cupboard in a corner, and produced a dirty and dog's-eared book, which exhaled a strong odor of stale tobacco as he turned over the leaves. Having found a passage of which he was apparently in search, he requested me to join him in the corner; still mysteriously confidential, and still speaking under his breath.

"In respect to this hocus-pocus of yours, Sir, with the laudanum and Mr. Franklin Blake," he began. "While the work-people are in the house, my duty as a servant gets the better of my feelings as a man. When the work-people are gone, my feelings as a man get the better of my duty as a servant. Very good. Last night, Mr. Jennings, it was borne in powerfully on my mind that this new medical enterprise of yours would end badly. If I had yielded to that secret Dictate, I should have put all the furniture away again with my own hands, and have warned the workmen off the premises when they came the next morning."

"I am glad to find, from what I have seen up stairs," I said, "that you resisted the secret Dictate."

"Resisted isn't the word," answered Betteredge. "Wrostled is the word. I wrostled, Sir, between the silent orders in my bosom pulling me one way, and the written orders in my pocket-book pushing me the other, until (saving your presence) I was in a cold sweat. In that dreadful perturbation of mind and laxity of body, to what remedy did I apply? To the remedy, Sir, which has never failed me yet for the last thirty years and more—to This Book!"

He hit the book a sounding blow with his open hand, and struck out of it a stronger smell of stale tobacco than ever.

"What did I find here," pursued Betteredge, "at the first page I opened? This awful bit, Sir, page one hundred and seventy-eight, as follows: 'Upon these, and many like Reflections, I afterward made it a certain rule with me, That whenever I found those secret Hints or Pressings of my Mind, to doing, or not doing any Thing that presented; or to going this Way, or that Way, I never failed to obey the secret Dictate.' As I live by bread, Mr. Jennings, those were the first words that met my eye, exactly at the time when I myself was setting the secret Dictate at defiance! You don't see any thing at all out of the common in that, do you, Sir?"

"I see a coincidence—nothing more."

"You don't feel at all shaken, Mr. Jennings, in respect to this medical enterprise of yours?"

"Not the least in the world."

Betteredge stared hard at me, in dead silence. He closed the book with great deliberation; he locked it up again in the cupboard with extraordinary care; he wheeled round, and stared hard at me once more. Then he spoke.

"Sir," he said, gravely, "there are great allowances to be made for a man who has not read Robinson Crusoe since he was a child. I wish you good-morning."

He opened his door with a low bow, and left me at liberty to find my own way into the garden. I met Mr. Blake returning to the house.

"You needn't tell me what has happened," he said. "Betteredge has played his last card: he has made another prophetic discovery in Robinson Crusoe. Have you humored his favorite delusion? No? You have let him see that you don't believe in Robinson Crusoe? Mr. Jennings! you have fallen to the lowest possible place in Betteredge's estimation. Say what you like, and do what you like, for the future. You will find that he won't waste another word on you now."

June 21.—A short entry must suffice in my journal to-day.

Mr. Blake has had the worst night that he has passed yet. I have been obliged, greatly against my will, to prescribe for him. Men of his sensitive organization are fortunately quick in feeling the effect of remedial measures. Otherwise I should be inclined to fear that he will be totally unfit for the experiment, when the time comes to try it.

As for myself, after some little remission of my pains for the last two days, I had an attack this morning, of which I shall say nothing but that it has decided me to return to the opium. I shall close this book, and take my full dose—five hundred drops.

June 22.—Our prospects look better to-day. Mr. Blake's nervous suffering is greatly allayed. He slept a little last night. *My* night, thanks to the opium, was the night of a man who is stunned. I can't say that I woke this morning; the fitter expression would be, that I recovered my senses.

We drove to the house to see if the refurnishing was done. It will be completed to-morrow —Saturday. As Mr. Blake foretold, Betteredge raised no further obstacles. From first to last he was ominously polite, and ominously silent.

My medical enterprise (as Betteredge calls it) must now, inevitably, be delayed until Monday next. To-morrow evening the workmen will be late in the house. On the next day the established Sunday tyranny, which is one of the institutions of this free country, so times the trains as to make it impossible to ask any body to travel to us from London. Until Monday comes there is nothing to be done but to watch Mr. Blake carefully, and to keep him, if possible, in the same state in which I find him to-day.

In the mean while I have prevailed on him to write to Mr. Bruff, making a point of it that he shall be present as one of the witnesses. I especially choose the lawyer, because he is strongly prejudiced against us. If we convince *him* we place our victory beyond the possibility of dispute.

Mr. Blake has also written to Sergeant Cuff; and I have sent a line to Miss Verinder. With these, and with old Betteredge (who is really a person of importance in the family) we shall have witnesses enough for the purpose—without including Mrs. Merridew, if Mrs. Merridew persists in sacrificing herself to the opinion of the world.

June 23.—The vengeance of the opium overtook me again last night. No matter; I must go on with it now till Monday is past and gone.

Mr. Blake is not so well again to-day. At two this morning he confesses that he opened the drawer in which his cigars are put away. He only succeeded in locking it up again by a violent effort. His next proceeding, in case of accident, was to throw the key out of window. The waiter brought it in this morning, discovered at the bottom of an empty cistern—such is Fate! I have taken possession of the key until Tuesday next.

June 24.—Mr. Blake and I took a long drive in an open carriage. We both felt beneficially the blessed influence of the soft summer air. I dined with him at the hotel. To my great relief—for I found him in an overwrought, overexcited state this morning—he had two hours' sound sleep on the sofa after dinner. If he has another bad night now—I am not afraid of the consequences.

June 25, *Monday.*—The day of the experiment! It is five o'clock in the afternoon. We have just arrived at the house.

GOODMAN MISERY.

PETER and Paul met in a village on a certain day, when the rain was falling in torrents. They were wet to the skin. They were both in quest of a lodging for the night, but could find none. A rich man—one Richard—had turned them from his gates, bidding them remember that his house was not a public wine-shop, when a poor woman, who was washing linen in a brook, took pity on them and led them to her neighbor, the Goodman Misery. How much more considerate was the poor washer-woman than Richard with his closed gates; for, having bethought herself on the way that old Misery would probably have naught wherewith to break the fast and slake the thirst of his guests, she provided herself with some cooked fish, a big loaf, and a pitcher of Susa wine. Peter and Paul ate with a will. The hungry man tastes the sweetest viands. But sad was the case when the meal was at an end. Goodman Misery was so poor he had no bed to offer them, save the straw upon which he usually rested his own aching limbs. The two travelers were, however, too considerate to accept it. They elected to sit up, and, by way of passing the time, suggested that Misery should tell his story to them. The Goodman consented, for it was a short and not a very eventful one. The most he had to tell was, that a thief had stripped his pear-tree, the fruit of which was nearly all he had to depend upon for his wretched living. He would have gladly shared the fruit with them, had he not suffered this cruel robbery.

Touched by his distress, Peter and Paul told Goodman Misery that they would pray to Heaven for him. And one of them considerately added, if he, Goodman Misery, had any particular desire would he mention it?

The Goodman desired no more from the Lord than that any man who might climb his pear-tree should be fixed to it, and immovable, until he, Goodman Misery, willed that he should descend from it.

On the very day which saw the retreating figures of Peter and Paul, while Misery was gone to fetch a pitcher of water, the same thief who had stolen his finest pears returned to the tree. Goodman Misery, having set down his pitcher, perceived the rascal immovable amidst the branches.

"Rascal, I have got you, have I?" Misery shouted; and then, aside and in a low voice to himself: "Heaven! Who, then, were my guests last night? This time you will need to be in no hurry to pick my pears; but let me tell you that you will pay a heavy price for them in the torments you will have to endure at my hands. To begin with, all the town shall see you in your present plight. Then I will light a roaring fire under my tree, and smoke and dry you like a Mayence ham."

Goodman Misery having departed in quest of fire-wood to smoke and dry the thief like a Mayence ham, the culprit cried lustily until he attracted two of the Goodman's neighbors. Yielding to the prayers of the thief, these two honest folk climbed the tree to rescue their fellow-creature, whereupon they discovered that they too were fixed to the branches. The three had been left in company just seventeen hours and a half when Goodman Misery returned with a bag of bread and a goodly fagot upon his head. He was terrified to find three men settled in his pear-tree.

"Come, come," he cried; "the fair will be a good one with so many customers. And pray what did you two new-comers want here? Couldn't you ask me for a few pears, and not come in my absence to steal them?"

"We are no thieves," they replied. "We are charitable neighbors, who came to help a man whose lamentations smote us to the heart. When we want pears we buy them in the market; there are plenty without yours."

"If what you say be true," said Misery, "you want nothing in my tree, and may come down as soon as you please; the punishment is for thieves only." Whereupon the two neighbors found themselves free, and quickly regained the ground; but the thief continued fixed to the branches in a pitiable condition after his long imprisonment; and the neighbors stood astonished at the power of the Goodman. They begged hard that Misery would take pity even on the thief, who had endured torture for many hours. The rascal prayed hard also, crying, "I'll pay any sum, but, *in the name of God*, let me come down. I am enduring tortures!"

At this word Misery permitted himself to be mollified. He told the thief, in releasing him, that he would forget his crime and forgive it. To show that he had a generous heart, and that self had never dictated any of the actions of his life, he would make him a present of the fruit he had stolen. He would be released from bondage in the tree, on the condition that he would take an oath never to climb it again, and that he would never come within one hundred feet of it while the pears were ripe.

"May a hundred devils seize me," said the thief, "if I ever come within a league of it again while I live!"

"That is enough," said the Goodman. "Come down, neighbor; you are free, but never return, if you please."

The thief was so stiff and swollen in his limbs, that poor old Misery had to help him down with a ladder; for nothing would persuade the neighbors to approach the tree a second time. The adventure made a great noise in the neighborhood, and thenceforth Misery's pears were respected scrupulously.

But Goodman Misery was old, and his strength was waning daily. He was content with the fruit of his pear-tree, but it was meagre fare that contented him. One day a knock was made at his door. He threw the door open and beheld a visitor whom he had long expected, but whom he did not imagine to be quite so near his poor hearth. It was Death, who, on his grounds, had stepped aside to tell him that his hour was near.

"Be welcome," said the Goodman, without flinching a muscle, and looking steadfastly at him as one who did not fear him. Misery had naught on his conscience, though he had lived with very little on his back. Death was surprised to find himself so well received.

"What!" cried Death. "Thou hast no fear of me! No fear of Death! at whose look the strongest tremble, from the shepherd to the king?"

"No, I have no dread of your presence," Misery said. "What pleasure have I in this life? If any thing in this world could give me a regret, it would be that of parting from my pear-tree, which has fed me through so many years. But you must be settled with, and you brook no delays nor subterfuges when you beckon. All I will ask and beg you to grant me before I die, is, that I may eat one more of my pears in your presence. Afterward I shall be ready."

"Thy wish is too modest a wish to be refused," said Death.

Misery crept forth into his yard, Death following closely on his heels. The Goodman shuffled many times round his beloved tree, seeking the finest pear. At length having selected a magnificent one, "There," he said, "I choose that one: I pray you lend me your scythe to cut it down."

"This instrument is never lent," quoth Death. "No good soldier permits himself to be disarmed. But it seems to me it would be better to pluck your pear with the hand. It would be bruised by a fall. Climb into the tree."

"A good idea," said Misery. "If I had the strength I would climb; but don't you see I can hardly stand?"

"Well," Death answered, "I will afford this service. I will climb the tree myself."

Death climbed the pear-tree, and plucked the fruit which Misery coveted so ardently; but was astonished when he found it impossible to regain the ground.

"Goodman Misery," said Death, "tell me what kind of a tree is this?"

"Can not you see that it is a pear-tree?"

"Yes, yes; but how is it that I can move neither hand nor foot upon it?"

"I' faith that's your business," Goodman Misery answered.

"What, Goodman! You dare to play a trick upon me, at whose nod all the world trembles? Do you know the risks you are running?"

"I am very sorry," was Misery's cool answer. "But what have you risked yourself in coming to disturb the peace of an unfortunate who never did you harm in his life? What fantastic notion led you to me? You have the time to reflect, however; and since I have you now under my thumb I will do a little good to the poor world that you have held in bondage for so many centuries. No! Without the help of a miracle you will not get out of that tree until I please to permit you."

Death, who had never found himself in such a plight, saw that he had to deal with some supernatural power.

"Goodman Misery," he pleaded, "I deserve this for having been too amiable toward you. But don't abuse the power which the All Powerful has given you, for an instant, over me. Make no further opposition, I pray you, to the decrees of Heaven. Consent that I shall descend the tree at once, or I will blast it unto death."

"Blast it," Misery answered; "and I protest to you, by all that is most sacred in the world, dead as my tree may be, it will hold you until you get free from it by God's will."

"I perceive," Death went on, "that I entered an unfortunate house for myself to-day. But come, come, Goodman Misery. I have business in the four quarters of the world, and it must be ended before sundown. Do you wish to arrest the course of nature? If I were to make my way out of this predicament you might feel it sharply."

"Nay," said Misery, "I fear nothing. Every man who is above the fear of Death is beyond any threats. Your menaces have no effect on me. I am always ready to start for the next world when the Lord shall summon me."

"Very fine sentiments, Goodman Misery! Thou mayest boast, Goodman, of being the first in this life who has gotten the better of Death. Heaven commands me that, with thy consent, I leave thee, to return to thee only on the last day of judgment, when I shall have completed my great work and man shall be no more. You shall see the end, I promise you; so now, without hesitation, allow me to come down, or let me fly away. A queen is waiting for me, five hundred leagues away."

"Ought I to believe you? Or is it only to betray me that you speak thus to me?"

"No, never shalt thou see me again until all nature is desolation. The last stroke of my scythe shall fall upon thee. The edicts of Death are irrevocable. Dost thou hear me, Goodman?"

"Yea, I hear; and I believe in thy words. Come down when it shall please thee."

At this Death swept through the air and disappeared from the sight of Misery. The Goodman has never heard of Death since, although he has often been told of his presence in his neighborhood, almost next door; so that Misery has lived to a wonderful age, and still dwells in rags near his pear-tree. And, according to the solemn promise of Death, Misery lives till the world shall be no more.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE great discovery of certain French chemists whereby pure oxygen may be abundantly and cheaply obtained, and used in the production of artificial light, is likely before long to make quite a revolution in our system of lighting streets and public and private dwellings. In old times people were moderately contented with a pitch-pine knot, whose flickering flame diffused its uncertain gleams through their rude dwellings. But with the onward march of science artificial light has grown brighter and brighter, until at last this grandest discovery of all has been made, which promises to afford us something more nearly approximating the solar light than even the most sanguine savant could have thought possible.

Certain chemicals, when subjected to the action of heat, yield immense quantities of pure oxygen, which can be collected like other gases in suitable reservoirs; and this new oxygen gas light is produced from a solid pencil of compressed magnesia, fixed in a solid support, and rendered incandescent by jets of common illuminating gas or hydrogen burning with the pure oxygen gas. As yet there is room for improvement in the mode of burning this gas, which requires a double tube; but American inventive genius will speedily remedy any defects on that score, and its numerous advantages recommend it to general use. Experiments indicate that this brilliant light will be far more economical than ordinary gas. It is many times more brilliant than the standard gas-light, with the same consumption of coal gas. According to the French reports, it excels by sixteen and a half times that produced in the city of Paris, and exceeds that of the Manhattan Gas Company, consumed in the English standard Argand burner, with fifteen holes, and with glass chimney seven inches in height, to the same and at times to a greater extent. It is more purely white than any of the lights ordinarily used; hence must be a blending of the various colors in quantity and proportion, more nearly approaching the sunbeam. All the more delicate shades of whatever hue are seen almost as though illuminated by daylight. The light burns steadily, and consequently will be a great blessing to all who are obliged to use the eyes constantly by artificial light. Much less heat is thrown out by this light than from any of the gas or petroleum flames, although it excels them all in brilliancy; consequently one of the most objectionable features in the use of coal gas is in great part removed by this invention. Ordinary artificial lights injure the atmosphere in two ways: by removing its oxygen, which is so essential for respiration, and by producing carbonic acid gas; but this light supplies its own oxygen, instead of robbing the air, and yields only a sixteenth or eighteenth part of carbonic acid. For out-of-door illumination it has the additional advantage that by no possibility can it be "blown out." The chemical action is so intense that it can not be extinguished in the stormiest weather. The preparation of this oxygen differs markedly from the making of coal gas: there is no ill odor attending it; and if hydrogen should be employed, as proposed by the same ingenious French chemists, their method of fabricating it by heating fine anthracite coal dust, peat, or other carbonaceous substance mingled with hydrate of lime, would furnish us with means for illuminating and heating, without contaminating the atmosphere of our crowded cities with the nauseating and unwholesome gases with which we are now annoyed. Dr. Doremus, who has recently been making various experiments with the oxygen gas light, and from whose report we have gathered these interesting facts, confidently believes that these gases may be commonly employed by certain new processes for heating as well as illuminating purposes, and that all our culinary operations may be performed by their aid alone.

The "Louisiana Ice Manufacturing Company" is said to be doing a good business, and New Orleans boasts that it will not hereafter be dependent upon Boston for its supply of this very necessary luxury. The process is described as being very simple, consisting in using the machinery necessary to bring a certain gas which has an affinity for caloric, in contact with water. It can be made very cheap, less than one cent per pound, and melts less rapidly than the natural ice. The manufactured ice is opaque, the natural ice clear.

The operatives in Lowell are decidedly literary in their tastes, and manage to read a good deal. It is stated, on good authority, that there are sold in Lowell 11,000 weekly periodicals, including 3475 story papers and 1663 religious journals.

The *American Agriculturist* gives a descriptive list of ten or a dozen "humbugs," warning the credulous not to be taken in by them. Many of them are prize-drawing associations, into which you pay your money but by no means have your choice of premiums. Many prizes offered for a small sum of money invested, or a certain number of stamps sent by mail, or a subscription to some specified newspaper, turn out in the end to be utterly worthless—a miserable, cheap sewing-machine, spurious jewelry, or nothing at all. As a general thing people in this age are not benevolent enough to give away valuables for nothing, nor even for a nominal trifle—they expect to make money in some way. So, when somebody advertises that he will give fifty dollars' worth of some commodity for five dollars, every one may rest assured that there is a swindle somewhere.

An Englishman, living near Florence, has devised an ingenious method of keeping cool. His study—so it is related—is walled and floored with zinc, and is in fact a large tank, filled breast-high with water. A few articles of furniture, such as a writing-table, a chair or two, and a well-stored book-case raised upon cast-iron supporters, and kept fast to their moorings by means of screws, complete the arrangements. In this aquarium the owner passes the hot hours of the day, receiving his friends and writing his letters, with the occasional variety of a dip beneath the surface.

An immense bed of solid salt, said to be 500 feet thick, has been discovered in the immediate neighborhood of Berlin, Prussia.

A recent visitor to Lincoln's grave in Springfield describes Oak Ridge Cemetery as situated about a mile and a half from the city, upon a broken piece of land which seems to be naturally adapted for the purpose, being a group of beautiful knolls very tastily ornamented with walks, shrubbery, and evergreen trees. Beside the pathways little rills of clear, cold spring-water leap musically down the steep slopes and flow away through a beautiful valley into a pleasant stream in the distance. The tomb of Abraham Lincoln is situated upon the brow of a beautiful knoll, and is a very humble, though not common, structure, being walled up in front with plain red brick, marble-lined top, with a marble urn on each side, and the door closed with a marble slab, across the top of which is cut the immortal name—"Lincoln."

The Methodist Home for Aged and Infirm Women in Philadelphia has just received a gift of $10,000. A gentleman of Chicago has expended $9000 in founding a "Home" for respectable working-women.

Adelaide Ristori, the great tragédienne, sailed for Europe last week, in the steamer *Ville de Paris*. She has not only enjoyed almost unexampled success as an artiste, but has won, through her public as well as her private life, a large number of warm friends. It is stated that she has given three hundred and forty-nine representations in the United States, Canada, and Cuba; and that in her three most popular characters, "Elizabeth," "Mary Stuart," and "Marie Antoinette," she has appeared ninety, sixty-seven, and sixty-two times, respectively. Numerous friends accompanied Madame Ristori to the steamer on the day of her departure; and it is said that on bidding her farewell, Manager Grau handed her a card, on which, among other friendly words, was written, "*Au revoir*, 1870." Ristori smiled on glancing at the card, and exclaimed in Italian, "That will depend upon you, and not me." Therefore this country may again welcome the favorite tragédienne.

Without pretending to guaranty the statement, we quote the following curious production of a fertile mind, which is stated to be a verbatim copy of an "Essay on Coal," delivered in 1868, by an Oxford candidate to the examiners at Cheltenham, England: "Coal is a black mineral. The way *they* produce it is this: First they dig a large pit in the earth. Then they cut down a quantity of timber and put it in the pit, and cover the whole with peat. Then they burn the timber. After it has been burned once it becomes charcoal, and out of the charcoal they make *oxygen* gas, with which we light our streets and houses."

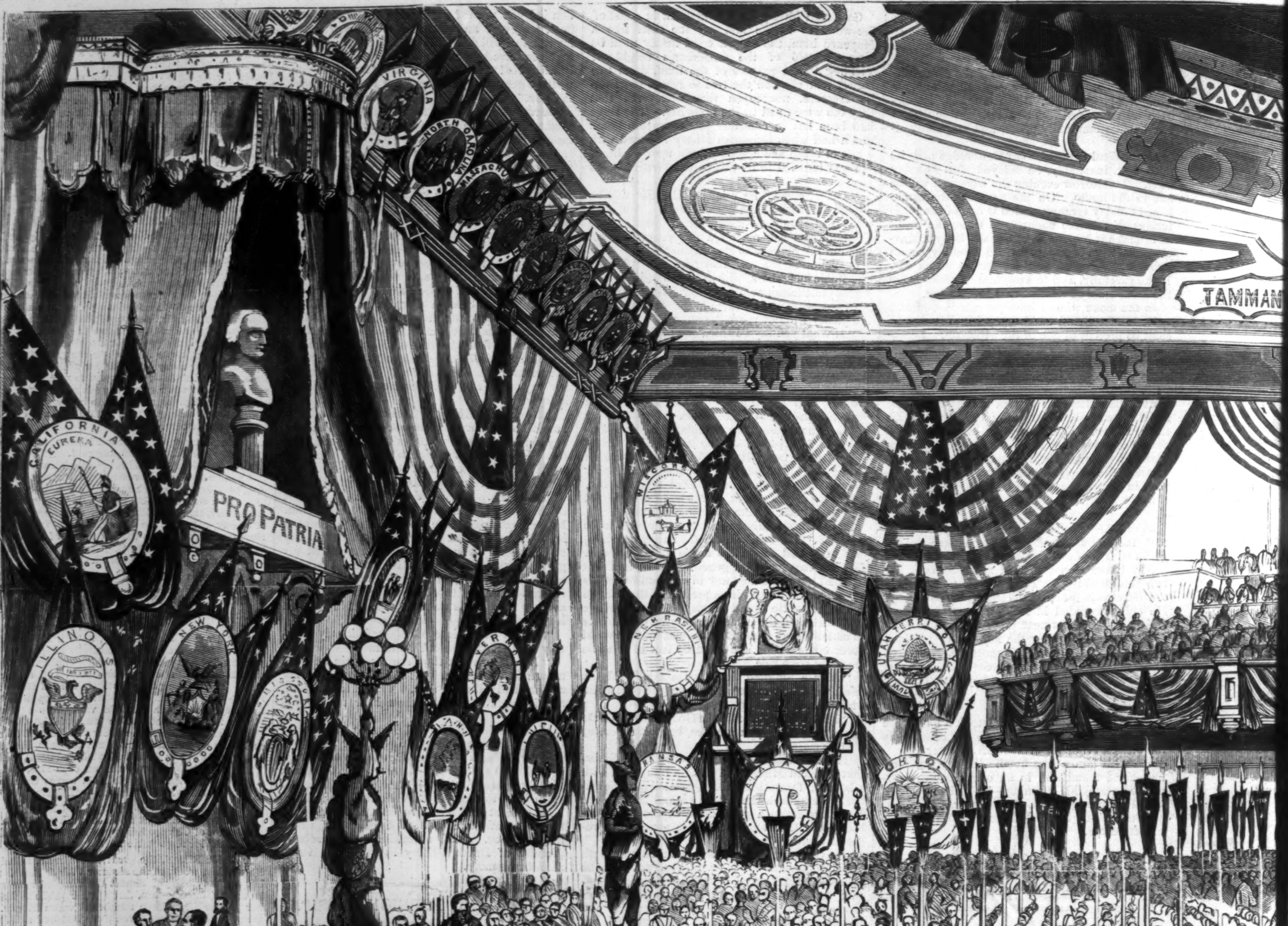
The following anecdote shows how the royal account-book in Russia is kept: One day in 1799 the Empress Catherine was suffering from a bad cold in the head, and her physicians ordered her to rub her imperial nose with a lump of tallow. But as there was no tallow in the palace they sent into town and bought a bit, and the Empress was cured of her cold. In 1850 the Emperor Nicholas, turning over carelessly the book of domestic accounts kept by his house minister, saw the following:

"For curing his Majesty of a cold, tallow, ten rubles."

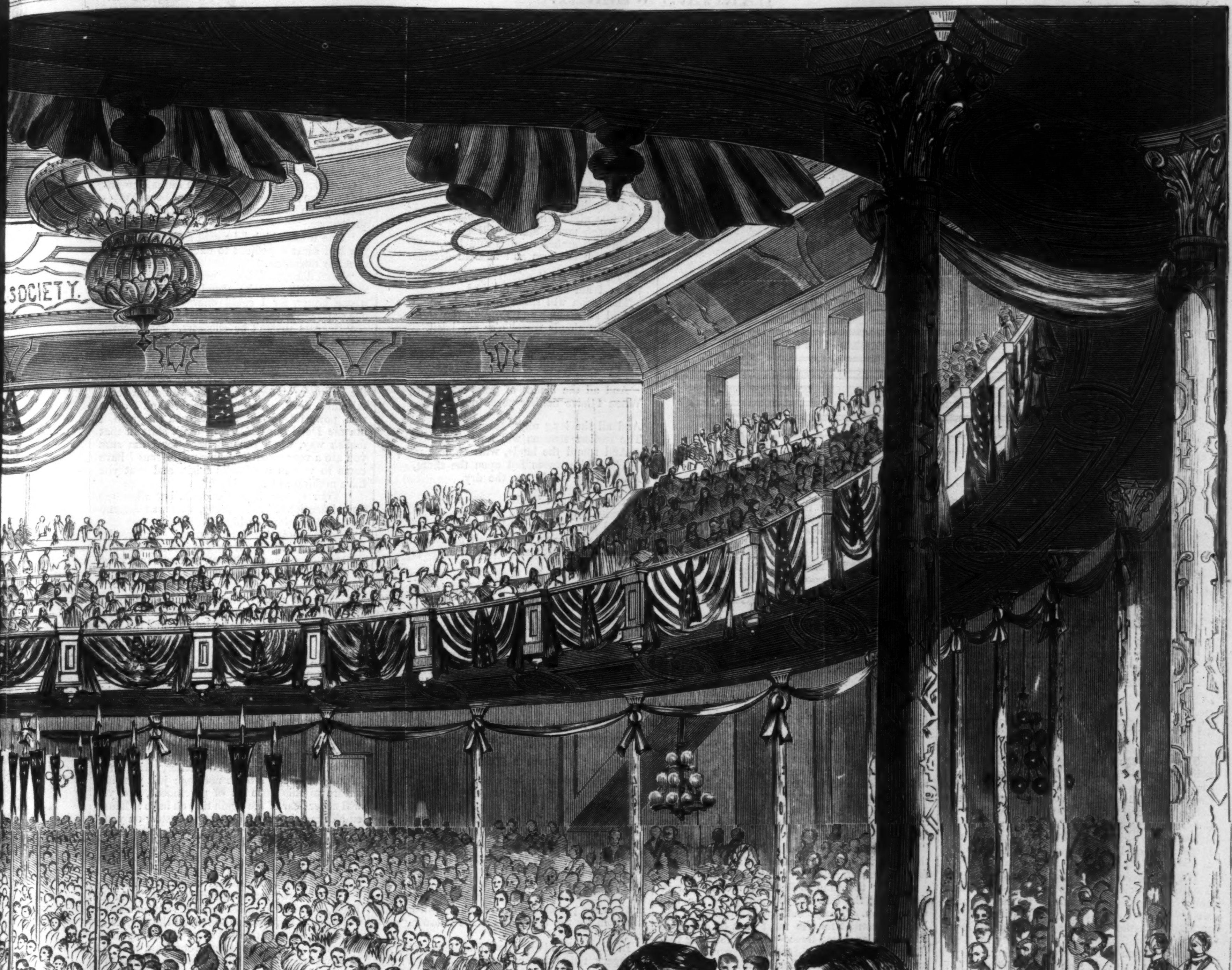
As he knew that he had no cold the day before, the Emperor suspected a swindle, and, to clear the matter up, he examined carefully from end to end the book of accounts. What was his amazement to find every day repeated the same item: "For curing the cold of his Majesty, ten rubles." He of course demanded an explanation of this amazing expense, and it was found that since the days of the Empress Catherine, or half a century, under three different Emperors, the house accounts were charged with ten rubles daily, the price of tallow meant for imperial noses which had no need of them.

A velocipede mania is prevailing in Paris just now. Calls are made in these odd carriages, and fashionable ladies exercise with them a couple of hours daily, and regard them as exceedingly nice. They are to be seen in the streets, on the promenades, and in the parks.

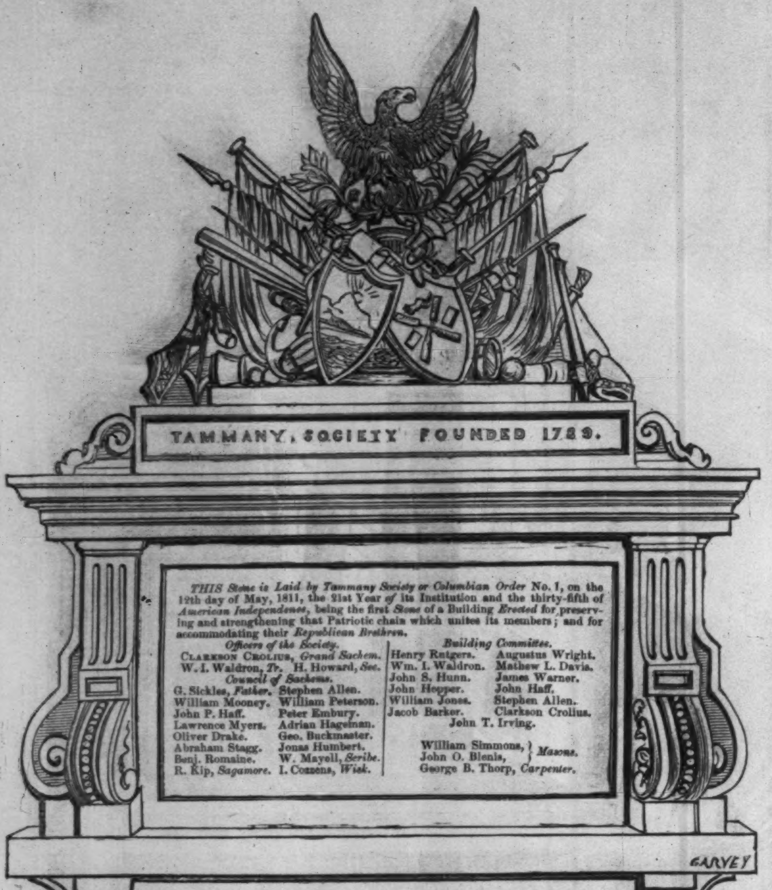
A country farmer, who recently made a visit to our charming Central Park, has been inspired by the sight of the pretty rustic bridges, seats, and summer-houses, to attempt something of the same sort, on a small scale, upon his own home grounds. He says: "These things cost but little, chiefly labor, which can be performed at convenient hours, and yet how much of beauty, pleasure, and happiness they afford. It pays to attend to these seemingly unimportant matters; people in the country are becoming more and more refined and appreciative of things that are beautiful and pleasant to the eye; the useful must concede something to the ornamental, and the farmer who fails to recognize this principle, and keep up with the times in this respect, will neglect an important element of value in the improvement of his place."


VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
CALIFORNIA
EUREKA
PRO PATRIA
ILLINOIS
NEW YORK
TAMMAN
OHIO
UTAH TERRITORY

INTERIOR OF TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK—THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IN SESSI



SSION.—From Photographs by Rockwood and Sketches by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 458.]


TAMMANY SOCIETY FOUNDED 1789.
THIS Stone is Laid by Tammany Society or Columbian Order No. 1, on the 12th day of May, 1811, the 21st Year of its Institution and the thirty-fifth of American Independence, being the first Stone of a Building Erected for preserving and strengthening that Patriotic chain which unites its members; and for accommodating their Republican Brethren.
Officers of the Society.
Clarkson Crolius, Grand Sachem.
W. I. Waldron, Tr. H. Howard, Sec.
Council of Sachems.
G. Sickles, Father. Stephen Allen.
William Mooney. William Peterson.
John P. Haff. Peter Embury.
Lawrence Myers. Adrian Hageman.
Oliver Drake. Geo. Buckmaster.
Abraham Stagg. Jonas Humbert.
Benj. Romaine. W. Mayell, Scribe.
R. Kip, Sagamore. I. Cozzens, Wisk.
Building Committee.
Henry Rutgers. Augustus Wright.
Wm. I. Waldron. Mathew L. Davis.
John S. Hunn. James Warner.
John Hopper. John Haff.
William Jones. Stephen Allen.
Jacob Barker. Clarkson Crolius.
John T. Irving.
William Simmons, John O. Blenis, Masons.
George B. Thorp, Carpenter.
GARVEY

Photographed by Albert Naegeli, 51 Third Avenue, New York.

THE TAMMANY HALL CONVENTION.

The new Tammany Hall was dedicated to political purposes on July 4 by the assemblage in its main room of the National Democratic Convention. Before the delegates entered the hall a number of the officers and members of the Tammany Society proceeded to formally dedicate it, which was done by reading the Declaration of Independence, and the delivery of a short address by Mayor Hoffman.

We have before given a brief account of the Tammany Society and its previous Wigwams and Halls. As supplementary to that account we have given on this page engravings of the tablets set in the wall of the main hall to commemorate the founding of the Society in 1789, and the erection of the present building.

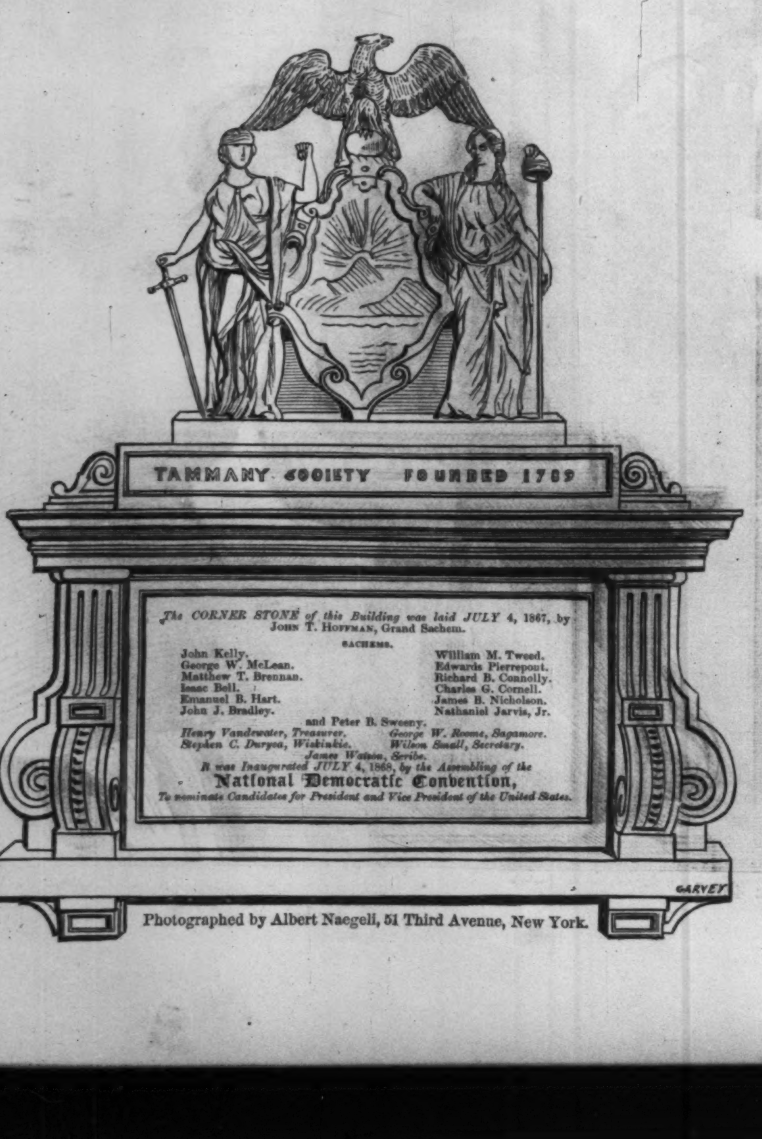
Our large engraving on pages 456 and 457 gives a view of the interior of the main hall, as it appeared decorated for the accommodation of the delegates, and shows the Convention in session. With this a brief account of the building, from an architectural point of view, may not be uninteresting.

Tammany Hall cost over $300,000, and the ground on which it stands cost $80,000 more. All but the main hall and committee rooms are to be leased, and $30,000 per annum has been refused for the building.

We can best give New Yorkers an idea of its dimensions by saying that it dwarfs the Academy of Music which stands by its side. The building covers a space of ground 116 feet by 122, is three stories high, and the main hall will comfortably accommodate five thousand persons.

Twenty thousand dollars were expended in decorating the hall for the sitting of the late Convention. The permanent decorations of the building consist for the most part of elaborate and finely executed fresco-work, embracing medallions and figures of Justice, Liberty, Victory, and Chief Tammany himself, and the coats of arms of the various States.

The proceedings of the Convention which assembled in this room on July 4 will be found in the appropriate news column.


TAMMANY SOCIETY FOUNDED 1789
The CORNER STONE of this Building was laid JULY 4, 1867, by John T. Hoffman, Grand Sachem.
SACHEMS.
John Kelly.
George W. McLean.
Matthew T. Brennan.
Isaac Bell.
Emanuel B. Hart.
John J. Bradley.
William M. Tweed.
Edwards Pierrepont.
Richard B. Connolly.
Charles G. Cornell.
James B. Nicholson.
Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr.
and Peter B. Sweeny.
Henry Vandewater, Treasurer.
Stephen C. Duryea, Wiskinkie.
George W. Roome, Sagamore.
Wilson Small, Secretary.
James Watson, Scribe.
It was Inaugurated JULY 4, 1868, by the Assembling of the
National Democratic Convention,
To nominate Candidates for President and Vice President of the United States.
GARVEY

Photographed by Albert Naegeli, 51 Third Avenue, New York.

SLEEP.

Oh, is it Death that comes
To have a foretaste of the whole?
  To-night the planets and the stars
  Will glimmer through my window-bars,
But will not shine upon my soul.

For I shall lie as dead,
Though yet I am above the ground;
  All passionless, with scarce a breath,
  With hands of rest and eyes of death,
I shall be carried swiftly round.

Or if my life should break
The idle night with doubtful gleams,
  Through mossy arches will I go,
  Through arches ruinous and low,
And chase the true and false in dreams.

Why should I fall asleep?
When I am still upon my bed,
  The moon will shine, the winds will rise,
  And all around and through the skies
The light clouds travel o'er my head.

Oh busy, busy things!
Ye mock me with your ceaseless life,
  For all the hidden springs will flow,
  And all the blades of grass will grow,
When I have neither peace nor strife.

And all the long night through,
The restless streams will hurry by;
  And round the lands, with endless roar,
  The white waves fall upon the shore,
And bit by bit devour the dry.

Even thus, but silently,
Eternity, thy tide shall flow—
  And side by side with every star
  The long-drawn swell shall bear me far,
An idle boat with none to row.

My senses fail with sleep;
My heart beats thick; the night is noon
  And faintly through its misty folds
  I hear a drowsy clock that holds
Its converse with the waning moon.

Oh, solemn mystery!
That I should be so closely bound
  With neither terror nor constraint,
  Without a murmur of complaint,
And lose myself upon such ground!

THE WILD MAN OF VIENNA.

A German Tradition.

First in antiquity, but only first in the list of second-class hotels in Murray's Hand-book, stands that of the Wild Man, one of the most venerable houses in the Austrian Capital, for we find it mentioned in history during the siege of Vienna by Mathias Corvinus in the year 1485.

To this house and to the name it has adopted is attached a singular tradition, unmistakably German in its details, which we obtained from an authentic source, our informant being no other than the present owner of the establishment, to whom we are indebted for the following narrative:

In the year 1444, when Ladislaus, King of Hungary, fell at the unfortunate battle of Varna, overcome by the countless army of Amurat, which entirely routed the Christian forces, there was, among the few who escaped the carnage of that dreadful day, a lancer, named Georg of the Valley. This young fellow was of prepossessing exterior and by no means wanting in courage, but it would seem he knew how to make use of his feet as well as of his hands, for he contrived, after the encounter which proved fatal to so many his countrymen, to escape unobserved, and to gain the neighboring forest, so as, at least for the time, to place his life in safety. So far so well, but even there his position was a very equivocal one; he could not continue in these wild and deserted haunts without certainty of starvation, and he could not venture beyond without risk of discovery and capture. A stranger to the locality, ignorant of the language, how was he to set about finding his way out of the intricacies of this wilderness, and what chance had he of reaching his home even if he met with a fellow-being who was not an enemy?

No wonder that our hero was preoccupied with these embarrassing reflections; and no wonder that faint, weary, and helpless, almost within sight of the gory field strewn with the lifeless bodies of his comrades, he should fall a prey to all the fatal suggestions of despair.

Georg sat down beneath a tree, resting his chin in his hands, and, staring into vacancy, was giving way to the gloomiest thoughts, when a sound fell upon his ear which told him of the approach of human footsteps. His first impulse was to welcome any incident that could bring a change in his miserable prospects; his second, to apprehend some ambush and to mistrust all strangers. He accordingly rose, and stealing cautiously round concealed himself behind the trunk of the tree which sheltered him, so as to observe the new-comer from behind as soon as he should have passed; but he was counting without his host, for, as if he had guessed his intention, the stranger, instead of pursuing the path, turned abruptly off and passed by the very spot whither the unfortunate refugee had retreated. Further dissimulation he now felt would be worse than useless, so putting a bold face on the circumstance, Georg looked up and saluted the new-comer, albeit not much reassured by his aspect.

He might be about fifty years of age, and the dress he wore was *bizarre*, to say the least of it; it consisted of a tightly-fitting black velvet suit, over which was thrown a dark claret-colored cloak large enough to envelop his whole person, while a broad-brimmed pointed black felt hat shaded his features. He returned the young man's bow with a smile which was meant to be friendly, but scarcely masked the sinister expression of his deep-set eyes.

"You don't seem to be in a very pleasant position, Mr. Soldier?" said he. "He who fights and runs away—you know the rest, I dare say; but you see it isn't enough to run away; the question is—what are you to do next?"

"True enough, Sir Stranger," replied Georg, "and that is just what I am considering."

"No doubt you are; and pray what conclusion has your wisdomship come to?"

Georg looked up, first because he had no answer to give; and secondly, because he was mystified by the tone and language of his new acquaintance.

"One would think," he said at length, "that you had some expedient to offer by your asking so many questions."

"Well done, well done! evasive but shrewd," said he of the cloak; "and you are not far wrong either, for I could offer you more than one expedient; that is, if you like to hear them."

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," said Georg, with a sigh. "But perhaps you will explain, that I may know whether you are not making game of a poor devil."

"You've hit it again, my dear fellow," said the stranger; "for, as you say, you are a poor, miserable devil, while on the other hand *I* am a rich, powerful devil, for to tell you the truth, I am *the* Devil himself. Now don't start in that foolish way, when you can see—for I am sure you are a very sensible young man—that I have come to you in a friendly spirit, and that you have nothing to be afraid of."

"Your speech is fair enough, but what are your intentions?" said Georg, who was determined to do nothing rashly.

They depend entirely on yourself. I am ready, if you say the word, not only to insure your safety, but to start you with luck and money enough to enable you to have a jolly time of it as long as you are for this world."

Georg felt sorely tempted, and almost forgot his apprehensions in the contemplation of this brilliant prospective: he hesitated; and the Devil, anxious to follow up his advantage, hastened to conclude the matter.

"Then it's a bargain?" he said, extending his open hand.

But the action recalled the young man to his senses: he mechanically withdrew his own.

"There are *two* parties to a bargain," he replied, "and as yet we have only talked of the terms on *one* side; please to go on and tell me what is expected on the *other*."

"Oh, dear me!" answered Lucifer, with a shrug of indifference, "a mere nothing; just your signature to this little bit of parchment, and you will never hear of me again till you have exhausted all the enjoyments I mean to bestow on you."

"I thought as much," said Georg, contemptuously, and in a tone of bitter disappointment; "then you may just go back whence you came, for no signature of mine will you ever get, I can tell you," and he turned and went away in a rage.

"Now, now, you hot-headed fellow," said the Devil, who had no mind to let his victim escape, "do wait a bit, and don't give me the trouble of running after you this hot day; listen to reason, and see how much more generous I am with you than you deserve. I will make you another proposal rather than leave you in the wretchedness in which I found you. I will undertake to befriend you as before suggested, on the simple condition that for the next three years you will neither wash, nor shave, nor comb, nor cut your hair, nor your nails, nor make any alteration in your dress. How does *that* suit you?"

"That is another matter," said Georg, still somewhat reluctant to enter into any compact, however plausible: "I don't say I will refuse—"

"Done!" said the Devil; and he had scarcely uttered the word when, to Georg's astonishment, he found himself at Vienna. Arrived there, he had on the skin of a bear, within which was a pocket, where he found a purse filled with gold pieces, and a note to the effect that as long as he continued to observe the prescribed conditions it would never be empty, however extravagantly he might spend.

It was not long before Georg began to be alarmed at his rash bargain. In vain he tried to reassure himself with the reflection that his penance would be at an end in three years. Three years, under such circumstances, began to assume the proportions of ten, for he soon became so frightful an object that he was shunned by all decent people, while the very street-boys would pelt him with mud, and then run away, screaming, "The wild man is after us!" and ultimately he was known by no other name. He now perceived the object Lucifer had in view. "He thought," said he to himself, "to degrade me until I lost all self-respect, and that then I should give myself up to vice, and so become his prey; but I will give him the slip then, and see if I can not get some good even out of this malicious plot."

Acting upon this wise resolution, Georg hunted about the streets of Vienna till he found a modest, unpretending dwelling adjoining a much-frequented inn, which could serve him as a retreat till the term of his probation should be ended. Here he established himself, and under the plea that he was gifted with extraordinary powers of divination, he drew the simple country folk around him far and near, and soon obtained the reputation of being a wise man or magician—an idea that received considerable support from his extraordinary appearance. Georg gave excellent advice to his clients, and as he assumed a paternal tone, and charged nothing for consultations, he was regarded as the oracle of the country round.

At the end of the first half of the third year "Master Urian"—for so the Devil called himself—appeared unexpectedly, and announced to him the visit of a certain Hans Ponsheimer, who had heard of his fame, and was coming from an adjoining town named Lugeck to consult him on the state of his affairs.

"Now," said the Devil, "I must begin by observing, Master Georg, that you have been going on lately in a way that doesn't suit my book at all, and if you are determined to slip through my fingers, I must contrive to make my profit some other way; you will be so good, therefore, as to attend to my directions, and to follow them implicitly."

Georg nodded his acquiescence.

"What I require of you, then," continued the other, "is this: when this burgher makes his appearance you will listen to his story, and when he has come to an end, you will tell him that, implicated as he is, you can rescue him from his difficulties. He will ask you how, and you will then say that you can not tell him any thing about it until he has promised you one of his three daughters—who, I can tell you, are all very beautiful—in marriage. They are, however, haughty and self-conscious, and knowing nothing of their father's ruin—for he is on the eve of bankruptcy—they expect to match with princes; so you may guess the airs they will give themselves when they receive the advances of one so repulsive as yourself."

A few days after this interview the predicted visit took place; Hans Ponsheimer arrived at the inn, and without giving himself time to rest or eat, went straight to the wise man's domicile. All passed as foretold, except that on Georg's making known his conditions Hans laughed him to scorn, and asked him what he took him for, to suppose that *his* daughters would ever consent to marry such an object as him.

"My dear Sir," answered Georg, coolly; "I only take you for what you are—a ruined man, whose credit to-morrow morning will not be worth that," and he snapped his fingers.

"What!" said the merchant, "ruined! Hans Ponsheimer without credit! When you cease to be a bear and become a man I will believe that, and not before."

"More extraordinary things than either have happened before now," said Georg, quietly. "Are you not expecting in a few days to be called upon for a large sum?" he continued.

The merchant stared: "I am, Sir," said he; "but how came you to know this?"

"That is my secret," replied Georg.

"Still, I do not see how that proves my ruin; I have a much larger amount coming in before that is due, so that my risk is amply covered."

"Oh, my good Sir, that is just where the shoe pinches; you *think* you will receive that sum—you are relying upon it; but not one penny of it will you ever touch, take my word for it; so if you have your credit at heart, you must look out for some other means of liquidating your debt."

The merchant bounded from his seat, still incredulous.

"It is not, it can not be true; vile miscreant, you menace me for the sake of forcing me to comply with your designs; but this shall not be." He was interrupted by the arrival of a mounted messenger from Lugeck, who desired to say a word to him in private, without loss of time.

"Your servant may speak before me, Hans Ponsheimer," said Georg, "or if you prefer it I will be his spokesman; he is come to announce to you the failure of the house we were just speaking of."

The courier stood speechless by, and Ponsheimer, aghast, now turned a deprecating eye on the singular being whose sincerity he had so rudely called in question.

"Hans Ponsheimer," said he, "we will say no more of your rough treatment, more especially out of regard for the close relationship in which we shall soon stand to each other;" the merchant shuddered involuntarily; but this time he restrained all expression of his disgust. "I am willing to release you from all your embarrassments, provided I have your word that one of your daughters shall be my wife."

"I consent," said Hans, and he heaved a deep sigh; "you have my word, the word of Hans Ponsheimer, till this day as good as his bond."

"Then," replied Georg, "I am willing to enter into partnership with you, and I deposit as capital the amount of the debt you have to pay." And he counted out the notes with a readiness and a deliberation which took every one by surprise. Hans, fully sensible of the obligation he had received, and relieved of an enormous weight, stretched out his hand to shake that of his shaggy benefactor; but when he saw the long claws at the ends of his fingers, the thought of the rash promise he had made on behalf of his dainty daughters overcame him, and he trembled in every limb. However, it was impossible to retract, and Ponsheimer was obliged to withdraw, promising his future son-in-law that his bride should be ready in a few days, only requesting a reasonable time to prepare her for the change that was to take place in her lot.

Hans went home broken-hearted, and wondering how he should ever venture to break the matter to his daughters, who, on his approach, came out to welcome him back. They were completely mystified at his downcast looks, and at last coaxed him to tell them the cause of his trouble. Hans related his story briefly, but honestly; he disguised nothing, and painted the Wild Man in all his hideousness; then waited anxiously to see how they took the information. The two elder made very short work of it; they declared that nothing should ever induce *them* to accede to so revolting a condition, and fell upon their father with the harshest reproach. The unhappy man sat before them in an attitude of mute despondency. As he raised his eyes they fell on the face of his youngest child, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. She was his Cordelia; and unable to witness her father's distress, she rose, and throwing her arms round his neck, "Father, dear," she said, "I will marry the Wild Man; my life is yours, I will not forsake you."

Ponsheimer was overcome by this touching proof of his child's generosity and affection. "Trudchen," he exclaimed, "you have always been the joy of my life, and you are my consolation in this trial; Heaven, I am convinced, will reward you for this sacrifice."

But Gertrude closed her father's lips with a kiss, and begged he would have no fears for her, as no happiness the world could give could exceed the satisfaction of feeling she had done her duty.

But the merchant was not at ease with himself, and was still deliberating on the dilemma in which he was placed, when a great commotion was heard in the street, occasioned by a gorgeous pageant which was defiling through the town, to the surprise of all its inhabitants; the cortége had threaded the streets in which was Ponsheimer's house, and when he looked out of window he saw a magnificent coach drawn by six richly-harnessed horses, and attended by servants in handsome liveries, approaching his house. As soon as it drew up, an elegant cavalier alighted and entered the door. Hans advanced to the stairs, but what was his surprise to find himself in the embrace of a handsome youth, who, in the voice of the Wild Man, called him his future father, and begged to see his destined bride.

Gertrude's astonishment and joy may be imagined, but it did not exceed that of her father; while, as for her heartless and unfilial sisters, no words could describe their rage and despair.

Unable to endure the sight of a happiness which had been within their reach, and which they themselves had refused, they reproached their father for deceiving them, and their sister for taking advantage of them. Lucifer stood by and smiled; his prey awaited him, for that very day one of them hung herself, while the body of the other was found in the river next morning.

Georg of the Valley lived happily with his gentle and beautiful wife, and his respectable father-in-law. Their names are to be found in a title-deed dated 1459, in which the house they occupied at Lugeck is designated under the name of The Black Bear.

On the spot where stood the inn, of which Georg inhabited a portion in the days of his disguise, now stands the imposing hotel, The Wild Man, in the middle of the Kürnthnergasse.

TUNNELS AND TUNNELING.

With our modern appliances for tunnel-driving, works of this kind are only a matter of money—the engineering difficulties are more or less easily conquered; but it is a puzzle to modern engineers how the ancients, long before gunpowder was known, and often with mere bronze tools, were able to drive the subways they did through solid rock. The longest tunnel of the ancient world was that constructed by the Emperor Claudius to draw the waters off the Lake Fucinus, now Celano, into the River Liris. This work is three miles long, in no place less than twenty feet high, and is ventilated with tunnel-shafts. Such was the splendid work of the Romans that it is still in excellent condition. Without saying a word about Hannibal's notion of tunneling through the Alps by the solvent powers of vinegar, we may jump at once to the experience had in England in works of this kind, both for the passage of canals and railroads. It is calculated that at the present time England has ninety miles of railway-tunnels, or one mile of tunnel to every hundred and fifty-four of open rail. It is generally supposed that the Box Tunnel is the longest in England; but this is an error. The Woodhead Summit Tunnel possesses this honor. Its length is three miles and sixteen yards, with a gradient of one in two hundred. The Medway Tunnel, on the South Eastern, is three thousand seven hundred and forty yards; the Sevenoaks, on the same line, is three thousand six hundred yards; and the Box Tunnel is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven yards: so that, instead of being the first as regards length, it is the fourth. The most noted tunnel, because driven under the bed of a great river, is the Thames Tunnel. It is only one thousand two hundred feet in length, but it was the most expensive work ever produced, costing one thousand pounds a yard, or two and a half times the cost per yard of the great Mont Cenis Tunnel, now in course of construction. It is about to be put to some really practical purpose, having been purchased by the East London Railway, for the purpose of bringing together the Northeastern and Southeastern ends of London.

But these tunnels are playthings compared with those projected and in progress. It has been proposed to drive a tunnel under the Mersey, between New Brighton and Bootle. This work would be four thousand eight hundred yards in length, and would cost upward of three quarters of a million of money. But what is a few hundred yards compared to a tunnel that shall connect the shores of England and France? Yet such a work has been seriously contemplated by several well-known engineers, and one of these days will, no doubt, be carried out. Three of these engineers propose to carry a road under the narrow sea by means of iron tubes, and another gentleman proposes a tunnel at a great depth. Of the former schemes those of Mr. Chalmers, an Englishman, and M. de Gammond, a Frenchman, are the most startling. Mr. Chalmers suggests the sinking a tube in the Channel, in order to keep which gigantic structure moored to one spot, he proposes to cover it with an embankment of stones, one hundred and fifty feet wide at the base, and from forty to one hundred and twenty feet below the level of low-water. In this tube of eighteen miles in length there are to be three ventilators, so that passengers are promised breathing-holes at every four and a half miles' distance.

This is all very pleasant upon paper, but, we fear, rather difficult to accomplish in reality. He proposes to build his tube in lengths of four hundred feet, and thirty feet in diameter, and to join them under water. This is to be done at a depth of one hundred feet, and at least at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet below high-water-mark in a swift tideway, and is to cost only twelve millions; but then it is to repay the company that undertakes it by yielding a net revenue of one million three hundred thousand pounds annually. But Mr. Chalmers is quite mild in his ideas compared with M. de Gammond. This gentleman, in addition to laying down the tube, suggests a great oceanic station midway in the Channel. Here he proposes to have a harbor and basins, into which any home-bound ship may enter, and discharge her passengers by means of a huge shaft three hundred and thirty yards in diameter, opening into the tunnel, and giving egress to both England and France. This bold undertaking is estimated to cost seven million two hundred thousand pounds. So much for the iron tube scheme. Mr. George Remington, on the other hand, says that the tunnel should be driven at a depth of from ninety to one hundred and thirty feet below the bed of the Channel, making a total of say three hundred feet from the sea level. He would cross between cape Grisnez and Dungeness Point. There are to be three air-shafts of one hundred feet in diameter, and the whole he estimates to cost six million seven hundred and ninety-eight thousand two hundred pounds.

These tunnels are at present confined to the brains of their projectors, but the Great Mont Cenis Tunnel is advancing far toward completion. It is seven and a half miles in length. It is being made by Italian engineers, at the joint expense of Italy and France. This great work was commenced on both sides of the mountain in 1857, and it was contemplated that it would not be finished before the year 1873. At first the excavation was made wholly by manual labor, but now the boring process is performed by the most elaborate machinery, driven by compressed air. The great difficulty to be overcome is the badness of the air, which gets worse as the mountain is penetrated further. The blasting occasions vast accumulations of foul air, which hangs in the workings by reason of the gradients ascending from the Italian side. However, pure air is conveyed by the compressing apparatus in sufficient quantities to sustain the workmen. The advance is being made from both sides, and the embrace will take place four thousand one hundred and thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea, and two thousand feet below the summit of the Mont Cenis Railway, which, in seeming derision of the labors of the human moles below, is now climbing the topmost passes of that mountain. The total cost of this tunnel can not be less than six millions of money. In the early days of railway construction English engineers always tunneled to avoid a very slight gradient; now it is found that engines can go where horses can; the new mountain engine, with its central gripping rail, enabling it to climb passes that Stephenson would have shuddered to contemplate.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ESSAY ON HOUSEKEEPING.

When Adam was turned out of Eden to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow Eve's heaviest punishment was going to housekeeping. After being accustomed to pluck delicious fruit when they listed, and never think of breakfast, dinner, or supper, what an awful thing it must have been to Adam to come home at noon in a state of starvation, to know whether dinner was ready, and to find fault with the cooking! If the dumplings were not done, how Eve must have lamented over that one apple feloniously plucked from the forbidden tree! and how often Mr. Adam must have banged the door—wait a minute—he had no doors to bang—kicked the tent over, probably, in his wrath over undone mutton! We ourselves believe Eve kept "a girl." This woeful punishment must have come upon us by way of our erring ancestress. When we are learned enough, we mean to expound the often-discussed riddle of "who was Cain's wife?" by proving to our readers that his mother kept "help," and that Cain courted her. Of course Eve had a "girl," and being "green and just come over," doubtless she mistook pomegranates for potatoes, and oranges for apples—boiled the melons, and roasted the chickens in their feathers; and Mr. Adam said: "It's your fault, ma'am!" to Eve—and Eve wept.

Then there must have been other tears to shed when the fig-leaf garment came to pieces and buttons—buttons also came in with the fall—were absent therefrom.

Mrs. Eve's disobedience brought housekeeping upon the world, and all its woe! we are sure of that.

* * *

Motto for Hair-dressers—"Cut and Comb again."

The Horse-Jockey's Geography of England.—"Capital, Epsom; chief towns, Newmarket, Ascot, and Doncaster; principal productions, whips, spurs, and horse accoutrements in general; occupations, racing and making bets; government, a council called the grand stand; largest province, the turf."

* * *

A man in New Orleans walks so slow that his shadow frequently falls asleep on the sidewalk.

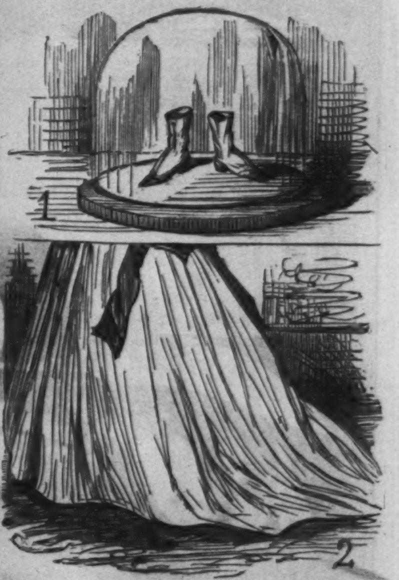
* * *

AN EPITAPH.

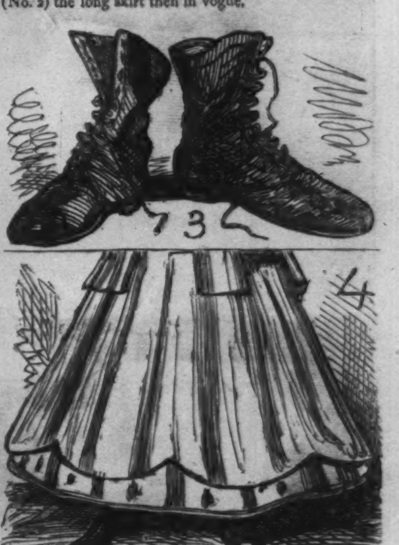
The virtues that were yesterday unknown
Are found to-day upon the sculptured stone.

* * *

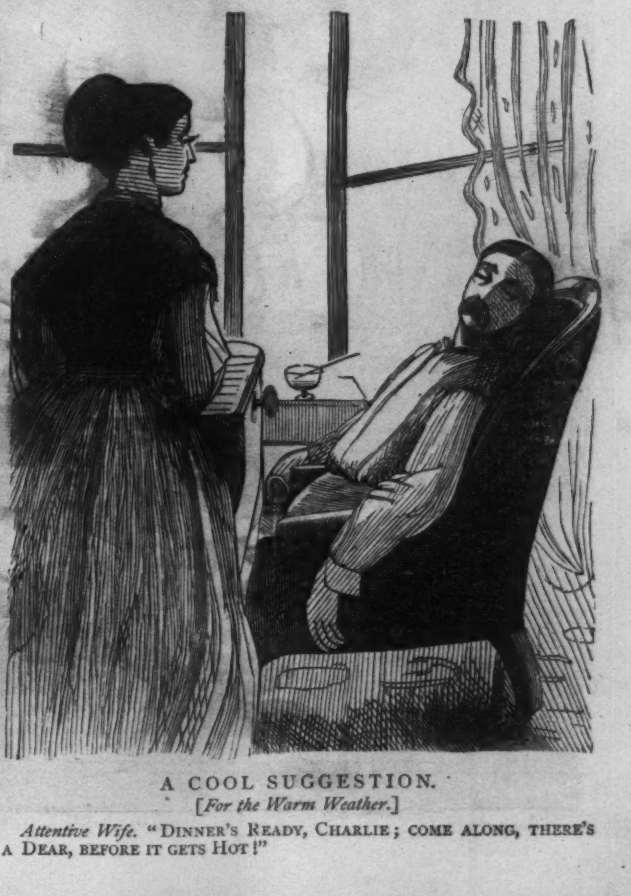
PAINFUL DISENCHANTMENT.



No. 1. Size of Gaiter imagined by me as about fitting (loosely) the feet of my adored L-i-s-a when she wore (No. 2) the long skirt then in vogue.



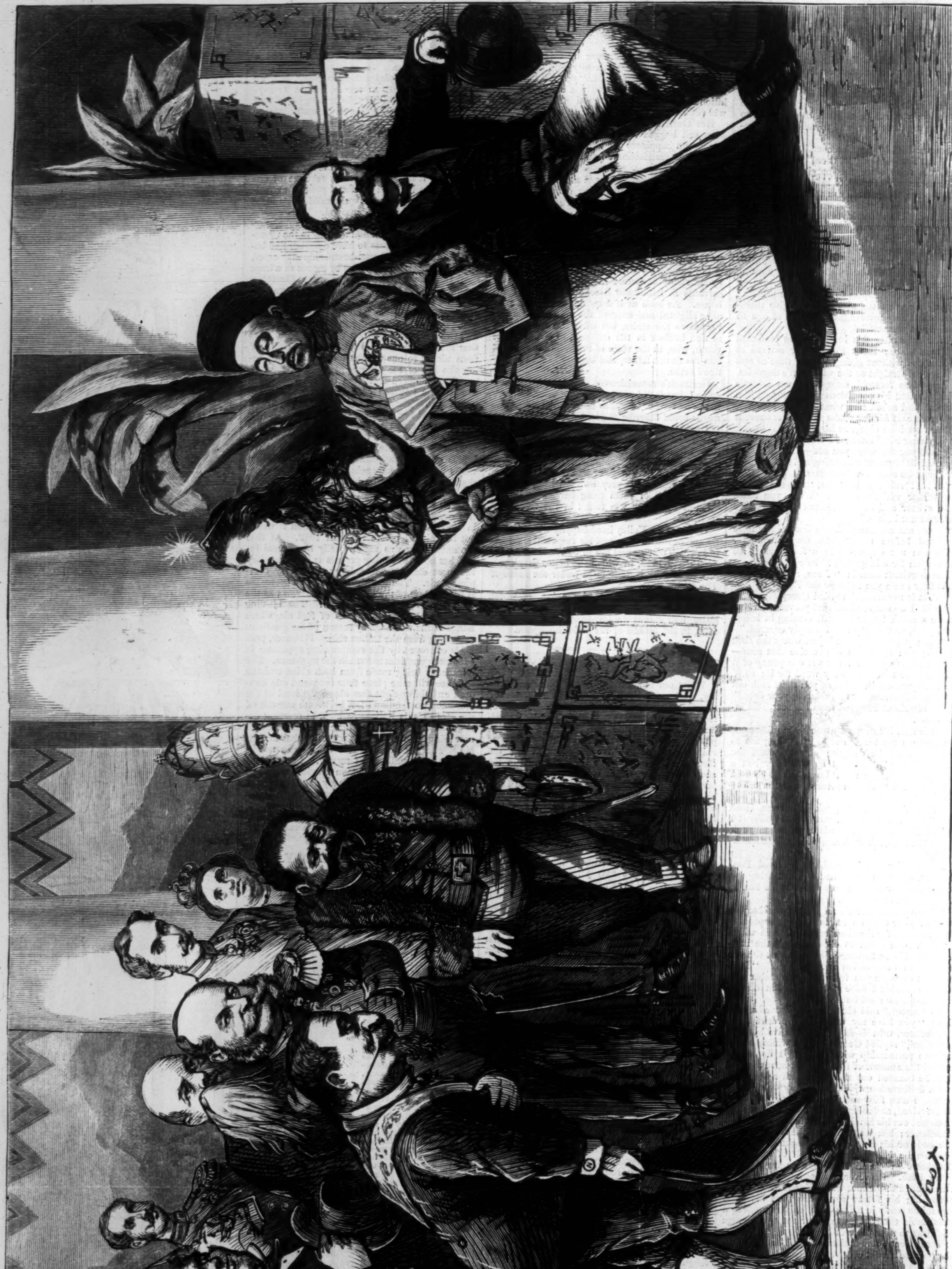
No. 3. The actual size discovered when she put on (No. 4) the at present worn short dress.



A COOL SUGGESTION.

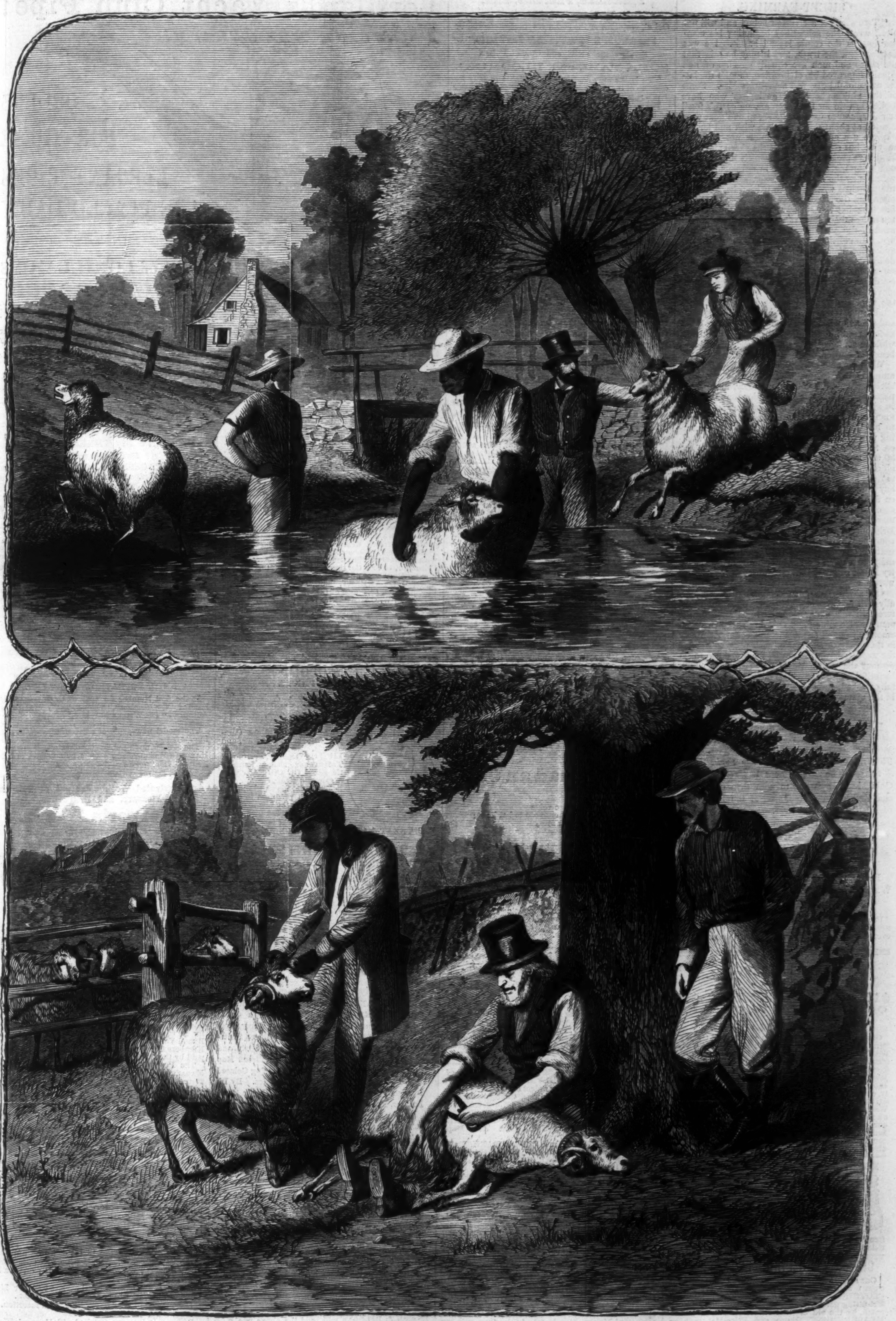
[*For the Warm Weather.*]

Attentive Wife. "Dinner's Ready, Charlie; come along, there's a Dear, before it gets Hot!"



THE YOUNGEST INTRODUCING THE OLDEST.

AMERICA. "Brothers and Sisters, I am happy to present to you the Oldest Member of the Family, who desires our better acquaintance."



WASHING AND SHEARING SHEEP IN THE COUNTRY.—SKETCHED BY EDWIN FORBES.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

SHEEP-FARMING.

"The sheep is a civilized being, and will not bite," wrote the school-boy beginning his composition, as the comic legend has it. He was not far from the truth, and it may be said that the sheep and man are equally capable of, and equally improved by, civilization, though the latter ungrateful beast will sometimes bite. Some of the philosophers and geologists who have looked in vain for the sheep among earth's fossil remains, assure us that the sheep and goat were created at about the same time with and for the express use of man. We know not how this may be, but certain it is that the sheep and mankind have progressed together in civilization—the one becoming more perfect in development and valuable as the man grew wiser. Sheep formed the principal wealth of the patriarchs, and they often had thousands where the farmer of to-day has ten; but the superior breed of the modern ten makes them more valuable than twice a thousand of the goat-like animals of the patriarchal age. In old times they were bred for their milk and skins, their flesh not being then thought a delicacy. Now "spring lamb and peas" are served up daily in the season as among the greatest delicacies; the skins are used for garments, gloves, and for various sorts of manufactures; the wool is consumed in the making of fabrics ("all wool" is a great recommendation of goods); and the animals themselves indirectly affect other wide-spread industries of all civilized countries, while in some barbarous nations they are used as beasts of burden.

We lose about $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 annually in America because we do not keep sheep enough. We have, probably, more sheep pastures in each State of the Union than there are in all England, yet we raise only about half as many sheep, and that so carelessly that we have to buy two-thirds of our wool for manufacturing purposes, besides three-fourths of our woolen fabrics from the English. We raise about 30,000,000 sheep and 80,000,000 pounds of wool, all of which (and a great deal more which is imported) is manufactured here, while we annually buy abroad at least $40,000,000 worth of woolen fabrics. There is a large field, and a large demand for sheep in America, and they can be reared at less cost than in England, France, or Belgium; but as our manufacturers can not compete with the Europeans, either in the style, texture, or cheapness of their goods, the inducement to enter into sheep-farming in this country is not as great as these figures would seem to warrant.

Our sheep-farmers and country readers generally will find our engravings on page 461 of interest in this connection, as illustrative of the manner of washing and shearing sheep in vogue among the small farmers in this country. Early in the spring or summer of each year, as soon as the weather is warm enough for the sheep to go without the warm winter over-coat with which bountiful Nature provides them, they are carefully washed, and immediately shorn of their wool in the manner illustrated.

Important from Washington:

Department of State,
Washington, *May 9th*, 1868.

To Wheeler & Wilson, *of New York:*

Sirs,—The Department has received One Gold Medal, awarded to your firm on Sewing and Button-Hole Machines, at the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867.

Your obedient servant,
William H. Seward.
[*Com.*]

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recommends Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.—[*Com*]

For Moth Patches, Freckles, and Tan on the Face, use Perry's "Moth and Freckle Lotion." Sold every where. Depot 49 Bond Street, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

$15 GET THE BEST. $15

OROIDE GOLD WATCH CO.,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
78 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Oroide is a new composition resembling Gold, retains its color and brilliancy. The OROIDE GOLD WATCHES are in hunting cases (Ladies' and Gentlemen's), manufactured at our factory in Switzerland, from the best materials, of the most approved styles, jeweled, and beautifully finished; are guaranteed reliable TIME-KEEPERS. As to appearance, durability, etc., have never been surpassed, very seldom equaled, by watches of the most rare and costly description. Warranted one year. Price $15, payable to Express on receipt of the Watch. We have concluded to retail our celebrated Watches. Unprincipled persons are endeavoring to replenish their depleted purses by counterfeiting and substituting a spurious for the genuine Oroide Gold Watch.

EYE-GLASSES and SPECTACLES,

to improve the sight of old and young, without the distressing effect of frequent changes.

Binocular Glasses, combining extraordinary power, portability, and wide field of observation—for Sportsmen, Tourists, and Opera. Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp. Inventor, SEMMONS, Optician, 669½ Broadway, New York

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Our stock for the present season is of unparalleled extent and variety in both MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING. Persons at a distance can obtain perfect-fitting garments from us, with certainty and dispatch, by the aid of OUR NEW RULES OF SELF-MEASUREMENT. Rules and Price-List sent by mail on application. FREEMAN & BURR, Clothing Warehouse, 124 Fulton St., and 90 Nassau St., N. Y.

FRECKLES, PIMPLES, TAN,
MOTH-BLOTCHES, SUNBURN,
and all eruptions of the SKIN effectually removed by
PHALON'S "PAPHIAN LOTION."
Renders the SKIN and COMPLEXION
SOFT, FAIR, and BLOOMING.

This is the only harmless and reliable remedy for diseases of the skin, and has been established 25 years.

For *ladies* in the *nursery* it is of great importance.

For *gentlemen* after *shaving* it allays the smarting pain and makes the face delightfully cool and pleasant.

PHALON'S "PAPHIAN SOAP"
for the *toilet*, *nursery*, and *bath*, delightfully perfumed, 25 cents per cake. Sold every where.

"FLOR DE MAYO"
A NEW PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

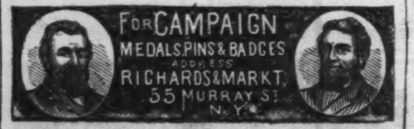
S. T.—1860.—X.

MRS. PARTINGTON INSULTED.—The White Mountains of New Hampshire are evidently a great institution—very high, heavy frosts, beautiful view, four-dollar dinners. But the practical eye of a certain renowned Drake saw those smooth-faced rocks, and thereupon adorned and variegated the bridle-path to the Tip-top House with his familiar S. T.—1860.—X. Plantation Bitters. This raised the ire of the Mrs. Partingtons composing the Legislature of the Granite State, who got their wise heads together, outlawed Dr. Drake, and made it a penal offense to ply the artistic brush on their beloved hills. Verily, the fine arts are at a discount in New Hampshire. Query.—Did Drake pay them for this splendid advertisement?

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN, Martha, Norma, Traviata, Trovatore, Crispino e la Comare, Der Freischütz, Un Ballo in Maschera, La Somnambula. Each opera arranged for the piano-forte, solo complete, with overture, and the whole of the music; price 50 cents. All the above in BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET, the cheapest collection of modern music in the world. Sixty books, 50 cents each. Catalogues of BOOSEY'S cheap musical publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

SPALDING'S PREPARED
GLUE
Mends Toys, Crockery, Wooden-ware, &c., &c.
Useful in every house. Bottle with Brush, 25 cents.



Prices from $3 to $10 per 100. We will send to any address, postpaid, *One Sample*, 25c., *Three Samples*, 50c., with Price-List.

All moneys sent by Post-Office Order at our risk. We guarantee full amount in goods, at lowest rates, for all money sent.

My Wife had an Ulcer

On her leg
Thirteen years,
Caused by varicose veins
Extending from her ankle to her knee;
Some places eaten away
To the bone.
I have employed
Over twenty eminent physicians
At vast expense,
But all attempts at cure
Proved utterly abortive.
Until I used WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT,
Which the doctors told me
Was humbug.
But, humbug or not,
It has done the work complete
In less than one month,
Removing the pain
At first application.
I kept her leg wet
With PAIN PAINT constantly
Till healed.
I wish we had more humbugs as useful
As Dr. WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.
I am well known in this city,
And any person
Can make further inquiry
At 101 West Street, New York,
At the Hanover House,
Of which I am proprietor,
And I think I can satisfy
All as to the benefit
Derived by the use of PAIN PAINT.

May 12, 1868. PETER MINCK.

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An Easy Way of Procuring

what you want.—Horace Waters & Co, 481 Broadway, will dispose of new and second-hand Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of five first-class makers, and take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid. Fifty new and second-hand instruments for rent, and rent applied if purchased, or for sale at bargains for cash.

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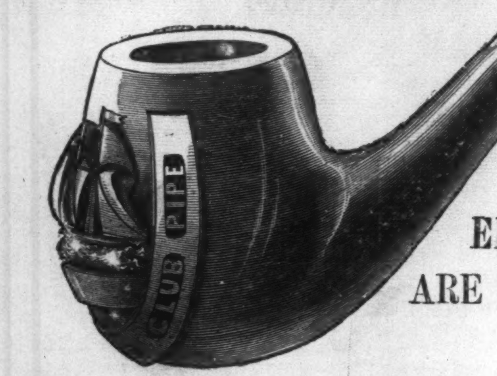
A GENUINE MEERSCHAUM!



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FOR THESE
ELEGANT PIPES
ARE PLACED DAILY
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VARIOUS SIZED PACKAGES of LORILLARD'S
YACHT CLUB SMOKING TOBACCO.

THE YACHT CLUB SMOKING TOBACCO is made of the best smoking leaf in the world, after an original process exclusively our own, whereby ALL POISONOUS NICOTINE IS EXTRACTED. It is henceforth unsurpassed in aromatic flavor, anti-nervous effects, and soothing qualities.

It is put up in various sized sacks, in which we PACK DAILY a certain number of orders for GENUINE MEERSCHAUM PIPES, beautifully carved, after an original and appropriate design, by KALDENBERGE & SON, who warrant every pipe the purest material.

Parties finding orders, by inclosing same to us, indorsed with their full address, will receive their pipes by express.

The Yacht Club Smoking Tobacco is Sold by all Respectable Dealers.

P. LORILLARD, Nos. 16, 18, and 20 Chambers Street, New York.

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Kitty McGee. By Henry Tucker	35c.
Live in my Heart and Pay no Rent	30c.
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Arranged for flute or violin, 15c. each. Music mailed.

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ESTABLISHED 1861.

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impart a degree of strength and resistant power to the over-taxed vital forces which is unattainable by any other known means. The effect of this inestimable vegetable preparation is to increase the appetite, accelerate digestion, tone the secretive organs, give firmness to the nerves, purify the blood, cheer the spirits, and, by thus rallying all the forces of the body, enable it to defy the enervating influence of the heat, and pass triumphantly through the trying ordeal of the Summer months. As a safeguard against epidemics, and a preventive of the feebleness, lassitude, and prostration, of which so many thousands complain at this season, it has a national reputation founded on twenty-five years of uninterrupted and unequaled success.

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OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

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☞ CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or *can* make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

TESTIMONIALS.

From the New York Independent.

Our readers have probably observed in our paper the advertisement of C. E. Collins & Co.'s Oroide Watches. These gentlemen are manufacturing a watch which they claim to have good time-keeping qualities, and in a case which is ornamental and durable, an almost exact imitation of gold. We have tried one of the watches, and find it a good time-keeper when well regulated. There are a great many persons in all classes of society who can not afford to pay a price of $40 or $60 for a first-class silver watch, nor $125 to $175 for a gold one, yet would like a handsome-looking watch, keeping fair time. The Oroide Watch appears to suit their cases exactly.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: WEST BANGOR, December 3, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received the watch you sent per the Adams Express, and like it very well. It keeps good time, and is of a handsome appearance. I have disposed of it to a friend of mine, and now wish you to send me one of the same kind. I may be able to get some other orders for you ere long. When you send it, direct it to Havre de Grace, Md., as that is the nearest point for me to get it. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, yours, &c., V. D. BEDFORD.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: YORK, PA., December 10, 1867.

DEAR SIRS,—I received the Watch to-day, and I am very much pleased with it. It is in reality more than you advertise. There are five persons who will send for the same watch in a few days. Yours respectfully, JOSEPH ZINKAND.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: OFFICE MERCHANTS' UNION EXPRESS, STURGIS, Dec. 4, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—Please send me a half dozen Oroide Watches—small, medium, and large sizes. The watch you sent on the 30th of November is all sound, and worth four times its cost. I will sell a great many watches. Please send me samples of your chains. I am going to keep two or three men travelling all the time. Very truly yours, R. H. MINISON.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: GREENWOOD, Nov. 28, 1867.

DEAR SIRS,—Myself and three others wish you to send four of your Imitation Gold Watches, at $15 each, gentlemen's size, and receive payment on delivery. Address Greenwood Farms, Marquette County, Lake Superior, Michigan, by express to Negone, for Michael Lynch, Michael Connal, John Shehen, and Henry Young—all of Greenwood. Your watches stand in great esteem here. Yours, &c., MICHAEL LYNCH.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT HARKER, KANSAS, Nov. 27, 1867.

SIRS,—I wish you to send me a watch. I made quite a spec. on the last watch. I want this watch well finished, for they will sell well. Several of my friends have received watches from you, and they like them very well. Send by the U. S. Express. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P.S.—Forward to Ellsworth City, Ks. HENRY A. LEONARD, Bugler, Co. H, 7th U. S. C.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: SALEM, OREGON, December 12, 1867.

GENTS,—I did not reach this place as soon as I expected when I wrote to you from Idaho, but was pleased when I arrived yesterday to find that my order was filled, and the watches in the express office. I like the watches well, especially the large one. My brother will start for New York soon, and will call and see you. Thanking you for your promptness, I remain yours, JOHN T. CROMWELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LA GRANGE, OHIO, January 14, 1868.

SIRS,—I am glad to say that the watch for my friend gave entire satisfaction; and, as he deals in the article, you may expect further orders; and, as we put confidence in you, we will forward the money by mail, having it registered, to save $1 paying expenses back on the money. Hoping you will deal promptly with us, we remain your most obedient servants, JAMES A. RUSSELL, HARRISON CORNELL.

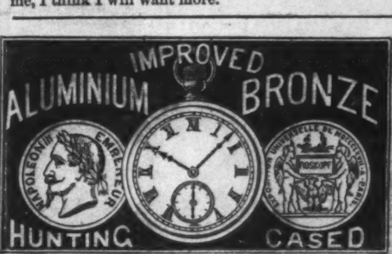
Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: WEST NEWTON, January 15, 1868.

GENTS,—Please send me, C. O. D., two of your Oroide Watches, gent's watch: want one of them most as plain a case as you have, the other one carved. Also two of your two-dollar chains. Send to Lima, Ally Co., Ohio, by M. U. Express. Respectfully yours, C. M. COFFIN.

P.S.—The Ladies' Watch you sent me was all that I could ask for the money. It keeps good time, and is a splendid article. C. M. COFFIN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: PORT HENRY, N. Y., January 15, 1868.

Please send me per express two watches, gents' size; and if they prove to be as good as the one you sent me, I think I will want more. D. A. WASSON.



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Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent postpaid on demand.

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W. H. BULLOCK, Supt. O. C. & N. R. R., Boston.
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having thirty years to run, and having interest coupons payable semi-annually at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal, as well as interest, is made

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The price of these Bonds is now **102** and accrued interest from July 1, in currency. The Company believe that at this price their Bonds are the

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No. 20 NASSAU STREET,
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Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

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